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## POLITICO-RELIGIOUS ASPECTS OF THE TIMES.

Now that the election is over, we shall not be accused of any partisan design, if we call attention to some of the elements which have been evolved out of its antecedent struggles. In meteorological phenomena, the calm is said to precede the storm and to indicate its advent. In political affairs, the reverse of this order obtains. The shock of contending parties is felt on the day of a popular election. All the devices known to political tactics are previously used in framing the popular mind to meet the exigency, supposed to be involved in the ballot-box. As the day of election approaches, the fervor of partisan zeal intensifies; and at last finds its culmination at the polls. Victory and defeat alike combine to calm down the fearful energies that had been evoked out of the struggle, in the same manner as opposite currents of water, rushing wildly into contact, recoil for the moment and produce the comparatively tranquil eddy. It is during the prevalence of this calm that we address ourselves to the duty of considering some of the antecedents of the late election, and especially of the religious element with which it was intimately connected.

Hitherto the movements of parties in this country indicated, besides the struggle for power, some line of separation between contending forces, on issues of political principles and maxims of government. The frame of our polity rears itself too distinctly out of the constitution to admit of much disputation on questions of fundamental law. Variances of political creeds were, therefore, the reflex of opinion seeking through theory the truth of certain political ideas, rather than problems of government whose solution might necessarily innovate on constitutional rights and immunities. Hence, though the contest might appear fearful for the time, and violence and disorder portend serious political disaster; still, the triumph achieved, victor and vanquished alike felt and yielded to the restraining and beneficent influences of the constitution. The victor durst not go beyond it; and the vanquished, covered by its panoply, could rest inviolate in his person, his property, and in all the cherished rights secured by it.

It remained for the present times to inaugurate and give form and consistency to an order of ideas sectional in politics, aggressive and intolerant. The late election revolved on these ideas. In some form or other, either of dissent or approval,

they were wrought into the platforms of political parties. They were inscribed on banners; advocated and approved from rostrum and pulpit; and made the rallying cry of every conceivable intonation of popular passion. The fierce struggle is indeed over, and victory, for the time, has perched herself exultingly on the banner of conservatism: but whose prescience is equal to the task of measuring the future demoralization to the popular instincts, which must follow the substitution of factional and fanatic strifes, which involve the life of the constitution, for the peaceful contests at the ballot-box, where, if hope was radiant with anticipated triumph, defeat brought no dismal terror for the vanquished?

The rise, power, decline, and fall of the American party, would be a problem difficult of solution in a country less free than ours. And even with the freedom from which public opinion springs, it is difficult to imagine how a party so organized and composed, could have reached such a giddy height of power, without crushing in its fall much that is noble and venerable in our social and political institutions. He has looked superficially indeed into the movements of this party, who dares claim for its origin the spirit of American nationality. The nationality of the American character is derived from the patriotism that clings to the constitution of the country. This constitution differs from all others in this, that the individuality of citizen so underlies its entire foundation that it cannot be touched injuriously without weakening every part of the social and political structure which has been reared upon it. Into the frame work of this constitution is so skilfully wrought the blended principles of liberty *to do* that which the law allows, and of equality *to enjoy* that which the same law guarantees, that the denial of either, whether directly or indirectly, strips that instrument of all beauty of proportion and of all efficiency for good. These principles are not simply engrafted on the constitution, and therefore subject to the whims of party, the ignorance of faction, or the usurpations of power. They are not "inoculated scions alien to the nature of the original plant." They are its essence, its life; and as well might you look for vital motion in the human muscle, vibration in the nerve, palpitation in the heart, or thought in the brain, when the body which enshrined them is exhausted of its blood, as hope to find any vitality in that constitution with these principles abstracted from it. It would be but a "corpse only awaiting interment." Again, these principles radiate rights and privileges which fall with equal beneficence on each and every citizen of the *whole* country. It is not alone the *society*, as an aggregation of individuals, which this constitution proposes to elevate and ennoble, but it is *the individual as such*, whom it bears aloft and invokes to honor, and prepares for usefulness. Other governments—even the most absolute—provide for the exigences of the society, the family, the class, whence it derives its principal support; but it is the proud distinction of the American constitution, that while it ignores no one interest of society as a classified and organized order, it besides nurtures a political and social individual life, circumscribed by no disqualification of birth, and determined by no shade of religious opinion.

The American party movement struck directly at the heart of this individual life; and would have raised against thousands of citizens social and political barriers, which could have been leveled to them only through apostacy and contempt. This was that intensified type of nationality which was to impress upon the heart of Americans the *patriotic motto*, "*America must be ruled by Americans.*" This type, though exaggerated, as has been deprecatingly alleged, was to find its great original in the pure patriotism of those Americans who could trace their name and lineage to the Puritans who landed on Plymouth Rock, but whose amplitude of

charity covered no such individuals as those who illustrated Maryland by erecting first on this continent the standard of religious liberty.

It is impossible to consider this movement in any other than the two-fold aspect of a political and religious movement. It was religious, because of the intolerance it sought to establish; and it was political, because of the means which it looked to in order to accomplish its purposes and objects. To secure the power of the general and state governments, in order through them to disfranchise the Catholic citizen, was its real aim, however attempted to be concealed by the enunciation of other issues. It had no other bond of unity but this. Without the rallying cry of the "Pope," the efforts of its leaders would have attained to no significance. Not a few of those who headed this crusade against Catholicity professed to be ministers of the gospel. They were found in the midnight conclaves of this secret party, aiding by their presence and stimulating by their zeal the co-workers in this great movement, which was to compass the downfall of the Catholic Church. Their art and the influence which they possessed made them powerful auxiliaries to the politicians who had projected the organization. In every hamlet, in the purlieus of every city, at every farmstead in the country, these men were found ready to poison the ear of ignorance, inflame the passions of fanaticism, and thus secure proselytes to the new order.

As the members of this order worked in secrecy and were bound by oaths to the fell spirit which inspired its councils and guided its movements, nothing of its potency was felt until, dashing at a bound into the arena of politics, it stood revealed to the country as a political power drilled to discipline, determined to unity by the nature of its organization, and sustained by the combined influence of numbers and common purpose. Its victories at the fall elections two years ago gave it a momentum which, for a time, seemed destined to be irresistible. The eclat of these triumphs soon brought thousands of neophytes to worship at the same shrine. Disappointed politicians of every type of political creed; fanatics of every religious sect; the representative of every grade of urban vice and bullyism; and, in some localities, men of irreproachable purity of private life and high order of intellectual endowment, were found mingling in this turbid stream of political proscription and religious intolerance, and swelling its vanquishing tide. In a venal and corrupted press it found a ready instrument to enforce its power, as well as a befitting medium for the dissemination of its calumnies. The effete stream of perverted history was explored in its filthiest depths, in order to drag thence the disgusting deposits of ribaldry and mendacity, so well suited to editorial depravity and clerical uncharitableness. For a time state legislation lent it influence, and the national councils were not free from its invasion. Its affiliations ramified every conceivable place and embraced every considerable shade of personality. On the uninitiated fell an uneasy, undefined, irrepressible apprehension in every walk of life. Political partisans, standing on the same platform yesterday, were separated on the morrow by a gulph seemingly impassable, but bridged over by oaths which made duplicity a virtue and treachery the most amiable, because the most successful of vices. Your friend of the morning bound himself by an oath at night to wrest from you and your children the political and religious inheritance which your ancestors and his had equally fought and bled to secure; and yet his bearing towards you on the morrow was the same as it had been the day previous. To-night he glides with a smooth brow and a courteous step into your drawing-room, partakes of your hospitality, emulates your liberality in discussing the various topics of general interest, warms you by his eloquence in

behalf of "liberty and equality," enlarges your range of ideas by his intelligence, and leaves you to go to his secret conclave—there to spit on the symbol of your faith and aid in stamping on you and your children the polluting stain of a political Pariah.

In the nature and fitness of things, it was scarcely conceivable that a power so constituted could long hold together without running into the follies that engender contempt, or into the crimes which, by their infamy, induce their own retribution. Still, it is more easy to unchain the tiger, than escape his ferocity when once in the unrestrained enjoyment of his savage power. A Fouquier Tinville was no necessary product of any especial state of society—a triumvirate, like that of Robespierre, Danton and Marat, sprang out of no normal condition of political life;—a period like that of the Reign of Terror, belongs essentially to no given era,—yet all these excesses find their types in the movements of individuals who first combine to obtain power by overstriding law and vested rights, and are then compelled to resort to violence and bloodshed in order to screen themselves from the victims whom despair had made dangerous, or whom vengeance had hurried into phrenzy.

This revolution of political ideas, as indicated in the triumphs of the American party, was brought about by the prestige imparted to it by a very large portion of the Protestant clergy. It was their influence which induced many conscientious persons to join that proscriptive order. They thus lent themselves to political demagogues; and in doing so, chained themselves to the chariot of a revolution which was designed to break down the constitutional privileges of Catholics, but which, in the end, would have left erect only the passions which riot in anarchy, in order to be punished in despotism. "The signals for revolution," as Burke has remarked, "have often been given from the pulpit;" but when yet did Christianity derive benefit from that species of revolution which begins in violation of law, and ends in usurpation of political and ecclesiastical power?

From the secret conclave of their order to the canvass for political promotion, was an easy transition for ministers of the gospel. It might be a perilous one in the end, but the avenue opened up in a vista of flowers: it might reek of ultimate disaster, but this was compensated for in present notoriety; it had the painted sweets of patriotism, and seemed like *saving* the country from the Devil, "who when he had succeeded in getting politics out of the hands of religious men (ministers?) was sure of his triumph."—(*Sermon of Rev. Dr. Stowe.*) The step was taken and the pulpit now lends a doubtful lustre to legislation—the pulpit is henceforth a political power; and its ministers are simply—*politicians*, seeking the position to become legislators. If, however, the success of their career, so far, as legislators, can be assumed as the measure of their efficiency in the duties of their holy calling, it is scarcely to be wondered at, that we find the congregations over whom these political preachers were wont to preside, uttering no protest against this unseemly admixture of avocations. In Massachusetts, the American legislature immortalized itself by its heroism in frightening and insulting a few defenceless women; and in practically nullifying a law of congress and stigmatising as criminal, those of its constituents who would dare aid in maintaining the constitution of the country. In Maryland and Pennsylvania the attempts of the successful party to impress any durable feature on the policy or interests of these states, were so abjectly negative as to entail on the states themselves no other evil consequences than those which spring from a rebuking public conscience, lashed into penitence by well-merited ridicule and contempt. In the national councils the consequences



of the American movement were more serious; but in attempting to achieve at a blow the power its leaders so much coveted, the party found itself, like satan in Milton's *Allegory*, confronted with a power superior to it in strength, having the same goal in view, and guided by similar political ethics. The onset was full of epic incident; but in the struggle anarchy had well-nigh strangled out the life of liberty; and despotism was already gloating over the harvests of power which his workmen were preparing, in the fallowed future, for his greedy sickle. The new order was defeated, and the abolitionists remained masters of the field. Here was the beginning of the end of the know nothing movement. The fangs of the reptile had been extracted; its life indeed might be prolonged; it might still hiss in the halls of legislation, or fling furtive glances into the bed-rooms of timid, shrinking women;—but its poison was lost—its power for vital injury gone, only in so far as its spirit has transmigrated into the body of modern infidelity to aid in the nurture of new errors and darker crimes.

It is not our purpose to contrast these parties, with a view to show how and where their principles have common points of resemblance. 'Tis enough for us to see that in the evil they would do to Catholicity, they are identical; and that however antagonistical they may be, one to the other, in contests after power, they would, in *power*, logically and practically attain the same anti-Catholic result. This is evidenced in the fact, that Protestant clergymen have added fury to the passions which lead both these parties to trample on the constitution,—to disregard its most sacred provisions,—to refuse to sanction its most solemn guarantees—and thus aid in plunging the country into a revolution, which must rend the Union into fragments and bring despair to the heart of Liberty everywhere.

It is however the extent and character of this clerical influence to which we direct attention, and which we deplore, because of the demoralizing tendencies which must inevitably ensue. Whatever of a "fond election of evil" political preachers may show, in obtruding themselves into the passionate political conflicts of the times, it cannot be denied that the impulse to this tendency, if not first given, was greatly accelerated by the organization of the know nothing party. The religious elements of that party found in a large portion of the Protestant clergy, the affinities that were necessary to establish a homogeneous combination. This element presented in a more condensed form, that negative totality of Protestantism, which compresses dogma and philosophy into a simple negation of Catholicity. It had this quality besides, that it seemed to have the power necessary to begin the work of pulling down, though it was not made a duty to enquire what were its capacities for building up,—of evoking order out of confusion,—of recasting civilization, when the moulds of civil and religious authority were defaced or broken up.

The separation of these two parties—American and Republican, so called—into distinct organization, will be found to have produced no modification of the anti-Catholic element which pervades both parties. A slight examination will show, that in those localities where the Republican movement has been strongest, its power was derived from accessions to its ranks from the American party. This defection was more superficial than real. In many instances the clergy were first to set the example, without, as may readily be imagined, leaving behind them any of the intolerant ideas and principles they had fostered in their recent connexions with the American order. The change from one party to the other, simply weakened the numerical force of the party abandoned, without modifying the characteristics of the party enforced. With instinctive sagacity the political clergy

saw that opposition to slavery struck a chord in the public sympathies more responsive to agitation, than either opposition to foreigners, or hostility to Catholics. Besides, the question of slavery brought up but little local antagonism. The evils consequent upon its discussion were remote,—they did not touch any *monied* interest of the listener,—and hence neither preacher nor patron would likely suffer in that most sensitive locality—the pocket—by extreme agitation. True, the South might be forced into that sort of fraternal discord, which is removed from civil war only by the forbearance which, for a time, stifles the expansiveness of that necessity which explodes in revolution. But even this result was too dimly delineated on the future to arrest present attention; and the mysterious chain of relation which binds effects to their causes, was too subtle to be traced out, link by link, by minds bent on the present triumph of their principles, rather than the correctness of the principles themselves, or the evils which might ensue as logical sequences to them. The slavery question was admirably adapted to the kind of agitation sought to be produced, for the reason that it proposed nothing in the shape of a practical issue, which in the nature of things, might not have been solved in a quiet, orderly, sensible and legal manner. It admitted of that kind of speculation in which hypocrisy wins its triumphs, for the reason that uncultivated masses submit to leading strings more readily, when their way is clouded in mist, than when the road is illumed by the light of common sense, or ordinary experience. Politicians were bent on agitation, and the clergy lent themselves and their pulpits to swell the deepening roar.

In this *furore* of clerical interposition some strange anomalies were defined, some singular affiliations solemnized. The socialist press hushed its infidel teachings for the time, to whisper flattering didactics into the willing ears of militant Christian doctors. Political antipodes veered from their pedal antagonism, and *gravitated upward*, through the aid of electro-affinity, in order to mingle in fraternal embrace and cement their union by the kiss of love. Theologians of infidelity and theologians of Christianity—one from the Bible of Nature, and the other from the Bible of Christianity—taught each other the lessons of divine charity, amid the flash of sabres, the click of Sharpe's rifles, and the stirring sound of martial drum and fife. The *laureled* knight of the rostrum and the humble Palmer of the pulpit shook hands fraternally, and compacted for a sort of exchange of duty, so that from the rostrum the people might learn biblico-political truths, while from the pulpit resounded the thundering tones of a new politico-biblical morality.

Besides the affiliations which seem so singular, the ideas evolved from them are not less new and complex. A "*higher law*" than the constitution, is made to loom up on the political statute-book and absorb every species of legal enactment. We are promised "*a new order of the ages*."—(*Speech of Mr. Seward.*) Whether this foreshadows a new order of cosmogony not laid down in Genesis; whether it be an addition to the metallic ages sung of by Ovid; or only some trifling addition to the natural category enumerated by Shakespeare, it may be difficult to determine. Again we are told that "the drums of God's words are muffled, and they beat a funeral march instead of a *gospel onset*."—(*Rev. Dr. Cheever's sermon.*) This "*gospel onset*" may have all the fury of Don Quixotte's Knight errantry: but dare we flatter ourselves that this onset from the political pulpit, however prolific of silliness on the part of the actors or provocation of smiles on the part of sensible listeners, will terminate in consequences so innocuous as the feats of La Mancha's Knight. We earnestly fear it will not. The religious instincts of the community must become blunted by a contact with the unseemly

violence that protrudes itself from the pulpit, to play the parts assigned in political warfare to political mountebanks and demagogues. Instead of learning to prize the value of our institutions, the youth of the country "with the confused jargon of the pulpits" on their lips, will swagger indifference to every salutary restraint, and gradually lapse into infidelity—the fruitful mother of anarchical revolution all over the world. We cannot shirk the conviction that this infidelity is spreading rapidly in high places and in low. It is patent on the surface of society everywhere. It protrudes itself from every thoroughfare—in steamboat and rail-road car. It stares at you from the marbled hotels of the city and the filthy inns of the hamlet. It is the daily pabulum of a portion of the press; and is courted by *litterateurs* of every grade and calibre. It confronts you in the forum; and boldly usurps the pulpit. It sports the habiliments of manhood, but flaunts equally the bodice and gown of the gentler sex.

The two parties we have referred to have done much to aid in the propagation of this infidelity, and to develop its worst and most fearful energies. And in this crime the political preachers of our day have deeply and culpably participated in their crusade against Catholics, and against that which is the life of the state—authority;—they conjure up from the depths of human passion, the demon of discord and violence; but will the power which evoked it be sufficient to exorcise it at will? We fear not; and our own national experience will be but a superadded lesson to history to pile up for future ages her accretions of solemn warnings.

The connexion of the pulpit with politics in this country is indicative of a decline of that public virtue which is necessary to the sustenance of a patriot love of the liberty we enjoy. These two forces united, create a power for evil which no liberal institutions can withstand; while the mutually reflected action of one upon the other, in the absence of any authority to restrain the influences of the conjunction, must produce reciprocal corruption through the seductions of power. In the strong language of Burke, "Politics and the pulpit are terms that have but little agreement. No sound ought to be heard in the Church but the healing voice of Christianity. The cause of civil liberty and civil government gains as little as that of religion from this confusion of duties. Those who quit their proper character to assume what does not belong to them, are for the great part ignorant of the character they leave, and the character they assume. Wholly unacquainted with the world in which they are so fond of meddling, and inexperienced in all its affairs, on which they pronounce with so much confidence, *they have nothing of politics but the passions they excite*. Surely the Church is a place where one day's truce might be allowed to the dissensions and animosities of mankind."

In bringing our remarks to a close we may say in all sincerity that in what we have written, we have been actuated by no uncharitable spirit. We see in the agitations of society the *lees* coming upward, and floating triumphantly on the surface. We find the worst passions of discord and violence refreshing themselves from the sanctuary. We see the restraints of legitimate authority snapping asunder, as though woven of cobwebs; and the rule of every man's action assumed to be the estimate he may choose to give of the value and binding force of the constitutions and laws. Such husbandry of evil must fructify a teeming harvest of crime. The experienced mariner will watch all the signs of the gathering tempest; and ere its fury burst upon his vessel, he will have taken all the precautions indicated by wisdom to save it from the surging waters.

## THE IRISH IN AMERICA.

I HAVE carefully considered Dr. Brownson's views on this subject—"Irish in America,"—and the several theories therewith connected and maintained by him during the past two or three years. It is to be regretted that the learned gentleman has again broached these topics in a late number of his Review; for it is not apparent that any good has come from the discussion of them, or that any is likely to come from pressing them further. Candor exacts the concession that his first article on this subject was too roughly assailed; but waiving for the present all consideration as to the justice of the complaints which he so frequently reiterates against his Irish fellow-Catholics, his remarks irritate them, and have justly or unjustly failed of their intended effect upon those to whom they were addressed. I had hoped that the wound which his pointed strictures had inflicted upon the Irish Catholics in America would be allowed to cicatrize, and would not be again rent open, but it has seemed to Dr. Brownson expedient to pursue a different course.

I propose to examine briefly, and in a spirit of candor, how much of simple justice there is in the principal complaints he makes against them; they may be mainly reduced to the following heads: 1. The Irish cling pertinaciously to their nationality, and form a body in this country having distinct interests from Americans and from American Catholics—nay, they are more Irish than the Irish in Ireland. 2. Their press is foreign, and their Catholic literature is rather Irish than Catholic. 3. Sufficient efforts are not made to rear native clergy.

It may be granted with certain qualifications that the Irish are very tenacious of their nationality. This then is the fact—it would be extraordinary indeed if it were not so; the question is how we are to deal with it. In appreciating such facts we must take men as they are, and not as they ought to be, according to adventurous theories which it may suit our purpose to propound. Following this principle then, are there not some peculiar circumstances which ought not to be omitted in treating the one which we are now considering? It is a fact to be sure that the Irish think, talk, write and feel as Irishmen, though they are in America, but it is natural that it should be so—indeed it is not in human power that it should be otherwise, except under certain extraordinary circumstances unconnected with their actual condition. Men's feelings are alienated from home and country by wrongs, base ingratitude and perfidy from their own countrymen and brethren; the Irish have endured all this and worse from England, and they hate England; but the more they detest England, the more they love Ireland. Despite the precepts of a cynical philosophy, men will still love the home of their childhood; the recluse and anchorite may, after long exercise of self-abnegation, weaken or deaden those natural feelings, but such are not ordinary facts from which any conclusions can be deduced pertinent to our present subject. The affections and attachments with which we have grown up are eradicated with difficulty, even when the indulgence of them is criminal; but when those attachments are indifferent as to their moral character, as it happens in the present case, they cannot be systematically set aside, though they may yield to the force of circumstances in peculiar cases. Identity of religion and a community of sufferings which their nation has endured for three centuries on account of that religion, have had the natural effect of uniting the Irish in a brotherhood of misery, if you will, but of fidelity to the church of their fathers. Their nationality had much to do, under

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God's providence, in preserving them from the great Anglo-Saxon heresy. Their English oppressors, who for three centuries have been tossed about by every wind of doctrine, do not on coming to this country band together nor publish British periodicals; the English as a people have no faith, and consequently no genuine love for one another. There is no holy cause in which a ruthless persecution has united them; hence they become individualized, and stand aloof from all questions that have not reference to material interests, to the affairs of this world: and therefore the Englishman is independent of his neighbor, reliant upon self, distrustful of others, and his heart is cold, selfish and solitary. The writer of this is not an Irishman either by birth or extraction, nor is he devising the plea of an apologist with which to augment the insults already accumulated upon them; he does not deny that the Irish, in common with other men, have faults; they themselves neither deny nor conceal them. But if their faults are great—it happens that they are such as are generally most patent—it must be conceded that their redeeming virtues are great also; and it does not follow that because their failings are different from ours, they are greater than ours. Characteristic faults are the last that should be censured unkindly, for depending more or less upon idiosyncrasy, they are the last that are corrected even in saints. That recollections of Ireland should teem in their writings, that they should sing the songs of their native land, and tell over and over again the story of their sufferings for the last three centuries, it appears to me it would be cruel to forbid, unjust to censure, and impossible to prevent. It were to some extent as reasonable to censure the Jews, who, standing upon the banks of the Euphrates, their harps hung upon its willows and their faces turned towards Jerusalem, the home of their fathers, poured out in tears the feelings of their hearts oppressed with the sorrows of painful exile. Indeed the parity is almost complete, for the Irish too are to all intents and purposes expatriated. It has been the policy of that government, which, on losing its faith lost also its Christian civilization, to wield against this defenceless people the polemical weapons of pagan Rome. Is it proper, is it manly, is it just, then, to rebuke them because they sigh and groan under the scourge? If it be our aim to benefit them, it is not expedient perpetually to revert to topics when our opinions upon them, how logical soever they may be, irritate without changing, mortify without convincing those in whose supposed interest they are painfully elaborated. It were certainly more rational and more charitable patiently to tolerate evils which neither they nor ourselves can remedy. The poverty of most Irish emigrants, their faith and early education, form insuperable barriers to their immediate assimilation to the people of the country; this is an inconvenience if you please to the native Catholics, but time alone can remove it, and time will infallibly remove it when the emigrants have passed away and their children take their place, and this fraternization with the natives of the country will happen in respect to the Irish long before a similar result is effected for the Germans, who, along with other obstacles, have that of speaking a different tongue. The predilections of Irishmen, and their intense nationality, are not as a general thing transmitted; their children are American—whatever they know of Ireland is from hearsay; their feelings, and sentiments, and patriotism are mainly American. Witness how speedily and completely this result was brought about in Maryland, a part of whose Catholic settlers were Irish. Few of their descendants are now able to tell whence their ancestors came. Such things cannot be forced, and any mere system to hasten their consummation will prove abortive. There is a natural and normal manner in which all foreigners will be gradually absorbed and become Americanized, but



the effect cannot be accomplished before its time by any theory, any more than a process of physicking, dieting and cramming, or any possible combination of gruels and sweetmeats, can ever force the growth of a child and bring it to manhood before the time elapses which nature has assigned. This is one of that class of evils, if I may so call it, which in their own good time cure themselves, and in regard to which our only wise policy is patient expectation. Yet it cannot be reasonably denied that circumstances may hasten or retard the work of identifying foreigners with the people of the country; the action of the American party has retarded the work, and Dr. Brownson has incautiously contributed to the same result. The same party has singled out the Irish and treated them with peculiar harshness, I had almost said with ferocity; and from his selecting this unpropitious time to address them, they suspected that the Doctor had ranged himself with their assailants, and may be like Mr. Burchell in the Vicar of Wakefield, he was pronounced by some to be an enemy because he had the confidence to give advice. It is in human nature that such treatment should unite them into a body—this is a legitimate and invariable effect of persecution; on what principles of fairness or justice then can they be censured for yielding to a kind of necessity which no class of people under the circumstances could scarcely resist? But if the cause is perfectly excusable and natural as to their connection with it, the effects are so likewise, how vexatious soever they may be.

The aim of Dr. Brownson in the articles in which he touches upon these matters is obvious; he is sanguine that much could be done to allay the prejudices of the American people, and ultimately to convert them, if they could see Catholicity the religion of a respectable body of their own countrymen, and for this purpose he is anxious to have all Catholics in America considered as American Catholics. This is a plausible view, since natural aids may promote the work of conversion, at least negatively, and I admire the zeal with which he labors to effect the object; but I have endeavored to show that this must be mainly the work of time and cannot be directly or immediately effected by any system, and hence that the further agitation of the subject is inexpedient, if for no other reason, on the ground that it will be ineffectual in bringing about the result proposed. Dr. Brownson's whole mistake is in not basing the realization of his pious hopes for the Church in America upon the children of emigrants, rather than upon the emigrants.

As to the advantages of there being native clergy there are probably no differences of opinion, but it may be said that this too will come in its proper time, naturally and easily; it cannot be forced, how much soever judicious efforts may facilitate it, for vocations to the priesthood after all come from God. The native Catholics of Maryland and Kentucky furnish their full quota of priests and religious, and before there is an increase in the number of native priests there must be an increase in the number of native Catholics. As a general thing Irish priests, *ceteris paribus*, are the best for the Irish people, and it will be found most likely that the relative numbers of native priests and native Catholics will, under God's providence, augment in proper ratio.

In disputes of this kind it seldom happens that both parties are free from blame. I could not conscientiously defend either the tone or the spirit of some articles in reference to these matters; but it is to be born in mind that wronged men are sour and complaining, and these are ebullitions of passion in the mind of a *long injured people*. In standing quarrels it will likewise rarely be the case that both sides could not, without demanding explanation or apology, and without self-compromise, consent to make a child's bargain and be silent as to the past and be

friends for the future. It were to be wished that the present difficulty could be so simply arranged. There is in certain cases such a thing as "a wise and masterly inactivity," in which prudence bides its time in order to escape the errors of indecent haste; and both parties in the difficulty before us would consult their dignity and the interests of Christian charity by weighing the wisdom of such policy. *Cedat sapientior*—let the wiser party yield, and this must always be the case if there is to be peace in the world. Demagogues may try for partisan purposes to keep up agitation, but when a subject is dropped by those who give it importance it will lose its weight as a disturbing influence, and it will soon be buried with many other great questions that are now fossils, but whose formidable dimensions made them terrible when above the soil. Recklessness or personal aims may prompt certain individuals who have nothing at stake, should even the worst consequences result, to defend ultra views with all the extravagance of misdirected earnestness; but it is to be hoped that an enlightened Catholic community will not permit its peace and harmony to be interrupted by the empty declamation and puerile sophistry of men whom mere human considerations may induce to seek the honors of championship on either side.

A nation has a right under the law of nature, and immediately deductible from the right of self-preservation, to impose the conditions upon which foreigners shall receive the advantages of citizenship, or if its own interests demand it to refuse them; this right is exercised throughout the world, and has been exercised in all ages. But when the conditions proposed have been accepted and the compact is ratified, neither party can set aside that compact without the consent of the other. Want of due attention to these principles may cause certain extreme men on the one side not to respect the rights of the naturalized citizen, and on the other there may be those who argue that the title to citizenship and its privileges are original rights which could not have been withheld or denied. Dr. Brownson, without having fallen into either error, has innocently given occasion to the commission of both; yet we cannot impute to him either the folly or the malice of those who may misunderstand or misrepresent his statements.

If the foregoing considerations are well founded, it would seem obvious that such topics should be dropped; it is painful even to imagine what may be the disastrous consequences to the Catholic peace in this country of longer entertaining these disputes. So far as the writer has heard an expression of sentiment, the whole affair is universally deprecated by good and dispassionate men. Any legitimate purpose which the Doctor may wish to effect by agitating these subjects—and we have not impugned his intention—will be most surely accomplished if left to time and the gentle yet powerful operation of divine grace as directed and dispensed by a sweetly controlling Providence. All that has happened in the last three years has made it manifest that silence is now the only conservative course in reference to this matter.

M.

## OUR CONVENTS.—X.

### THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

"Thus many years she lived a Sister of Mercy; frequenting  
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,  
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight;  
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected."—*Longfellow*.

IRELAND, which has given the Church in this country the majority of its devoted clergy, and so many of its learned and holy bishops, has not contributed less towards peopling the land with the holy communities, which, true salt of the earth, will preserve it by perpetuating truth and charity and religion undefiled before God. In Alice Lalor, Ireland gave us the mother of the many convents that follow the rule of St. Francis de Sales and St. Jane Frances de Chantal; in the Ryan family, the foundresses of the Charlestown convent; in the holy women who created the Convent of Mercy in Charleston; she has, besides, sent her colonies of Ursulines from Blackrock, her Sisters of St. Bridget from Kildare, her Sisters of Loretto; but most generously of all, her frequent colonies of her new and ardent Institute of Mercy, that living realization of the plans of the holy foundress of the Irish Ursulines and Presentation nuns.

The want of an order devoted to the relief of the spiritual and temporal necessities of the poor, had been, under God, the cause which impelled Miss Nago Nagle to raise up the first house of Ursulines in Ireland, and when that failed to carry out her design by meeting the want, the cause which led her to found the Presentation order, soon diverted too from its general object to particular duties. She became what God had willed, the mother of the teaching orders in her native isle, Providence having reserved to another the founding of an order whose end is the fulfilment of all the corporal and spiritual works of mercy.

Born a few years after the first Ursuline convent had been organized by the sister of an aid-de-camp of Washington,\* Miss McAuley, the foundress of the Sisters of Mercy, was, at the period of Miss Nagle's death, an orphan, and the inmate of a Protestant family, one who humanly speaking seemed destined rather to be lost to the true fold, than to become one of its ornaments and glories, by accomplishing what Miss Nagle conceived but failed to execute. So far however are the ways of God above our limited comprehension, that this forsaken orphan was the one whom he had chosen for the work.

Catharine McAuley was born at Stormanstown House, in the neighborhood of Dublin, on the 17th day of September, 1778, of Catholic parents, her father having been remarkable for his piety and his zealous efforts in instructing the children of the poor. While Catharine was still of a tender age, she and her two younger sisters were left orphans, having lost both father and mother. A Protestant gentleman in Dublin, a friend of her father, took upon himself the care of Catharine and her sisters. As they grew up, Catharine's mind turned to religious matters: Protestantism she examined but could not embrace: of Catholicity she had but vague recollections. On reading Catholic works, however, her mind became convinced and consoled. It only remained to carry out those convictions, in spite of all the promptings of nature, which at that moment raise before the mind all the opposition of friends, the contempt of worldlings, the enmity of sectaries, with all

\* Miss Moylan.

that indefinable irresolution that will come over one on the eve of a great step that is to determine a whole future career. While this struggle was going on in the heart of Miss McAuley, she became the adopted daughter of an aged pair, members of the Society of Quakers. Soon after entering their house she resolved to take the decisive step, and one day drove into Dublin ostensibly for some trifles. Leaving her carriage at the door of a millinery she hastened to the Catholic chapel and was introduced to the holy and reverend Father Betagh of the Society of Jesus. A few conferences with that distinguished ecclesiastic removed all doubts and overcame all obstacles,—she became with the approval of her foster parents, a practical Catholic, assiduous in fulfilling the duties of her religion and indefatigable in her exertions to relieve the wants and necessities of the poor. Like her father she added to her sympathy advice and such material aid as she could afford, the boon of instruction, and early began to teach the children of poverty. Her life was not without its effect on her venerable protectors: Catholicity appeared to them in a new light, and they closed their eyes amid all the consolations and with all the sacraments of the Church.

Left a second time orphaned, Miss McAuley rejected the suitors whom her virtues and position drew to her feet. Her choice was made: she would become the spouse of Christ, and while awaiting the summons of her heavenly Bridegroom to enter in his celestial halls, she would devote herself to the care and company of the poor, his especial friends and favorites, that in her constant love she might gather a wreath of merits to adorn her in her celestial bridal. Directed in her plans by the Rev. Mr. Armstrong, she resolved to establish a permanent institution for the alleviation of human misery, and there devote herself with such pious ladies as God might send to join her. On the 24th of September, 1827, the little chapel of her newly erected house in Baggott street was blessed by the Most Rev. Dr. Murray and placed under the protection of Our Lady of Mercy. A few ladies joined her: their mode of life met the approval of Archbishop Murray, who authorised the sisters to assume a distinct religious dress and visit the sick in private houses or public hospitals. This was not, however, their only work of mercy: they opened a school, received orphans, and homeless girls. Great opposition was made, but the foundress persevered; and when the Archbishop decided that it would be better to form an order distinct from all others and adapted to the field which they had chosen, she readily acceded. In order to imbibe the religious spirit, she entered the Presentation Convent of George's Hill with two of her companions, in the month of December, 1829, and there after a novitiate of a year, pronounced the three vows of religion, with a fourth devoting themselves for life to the service of the sick and poor. Meanwhile a rule of life based chiefly on that of St. Augustine had been drawn up and approved by the Archbishop, to be on the 5th of July, 1841, formally sanctioned by the Holy See. According to these documents, the object of the new Institute is to labor for their own perfection, and to apply themselves most seriously to the instruction of poor girls, to the visitation of the sick, and the protection of distressed women of good character.

In January, 1831, six sisters who had directed the house during the novitiate of Mother McAuley, received the habit. The next year the terrible cholera swept over Ireland; the archbishop called upon his little community to fly to the care of the sick; thenceforward the hospitals were their home: one and all, young and old, left their convent and hung over the infected, making their beds, lavishing every care, and regaining them to health or arraying them for the grave. Generous as was their offering, God as generously restored the lives they periled: amid

the thousands who died the sisters walked unscathed, the Almighty reserving his spouses for future labors.\*

The Order now spread: the holy foundress established the second convent of her institute at Tullamore in 1835; another at Charleville in 1836. In the following year Cork and Carlow had each their Convent of Mercy and sisters to toil and pray for the poor. The fame of the incalculable good achieved by this new institute attracted the attention of Catholic England, and in 1839 a Convent of Mercy was founded at Bermondsey, London, receiving among its first postulants Miss Agnew, whose writings, issued both in Europe and America, have tended so much to make known the admirable society into which she entered.†

Two years after the commencement of the order in England, the holy foundress, worn down by her devoted labors, and her frequent journeys, required in the founding and organizing her various houses, was overtaken by a fatal disorder. Death had no terrors for her: "If this be death," she exclaimed, "it is easy indeed." Calmly and cheerfully she prepared by devoutly receiving the sacraments of the Church, and expired in the year 1841, amid the prayers of the sisterhood whom she had formed by her counsels and example.

The death of the foundress did not check the progress of the Order of Mercy. Two years later, in 1843, the Right Rev. Michael O'Connor, just consecrated at Rome first Bishop of Pittsburg, visited Ireland on his way to his see, where he had labored for some years as a zealous missionary, after previously directing the theological seminary of the diocese of Philadelphia. Thus aware by personal knowledge of the wants of his diocese, he saw the immense advantage that would accrue from the introduction of the Sisters of Mercy at Pittsburg. His application to the Superior was not unsuccessful: a colony of seven sisters under the guidance of Mother Francis Xavier Warde, set out for Pittsburg. There, meanwhile, God had prepared a most valuable accession to the sisterhood in the person of Miss Eliza Jane Tiernan, a pupil of the Sisters of Charity at Emmitsburg, who had resolved to join the Sisters of Mercy. This determination she took on the 3d of December, 1843, the feast of St. Francis Xavier, although unaware how she should carry out her resolve: what was her thankfulness to God, when on her return home she heard that Dr. O'Connor was on his way to Pittsburg with seven Sisters of Mercy, a fact which appeared in the newspaper of the day! The first American postulant, she became, under the name of Sister Xavier, the first sister and greatest benefactress of the house, having bestowed on it the large property bequeathed her by her father, a wealthy merchant.

Thus welcomed to their new home, the Sisters of Mercy began their labor of love in America, and being joined by other sisters from Ireland, opened in 1847 their Mercy Hospital, an institution greatly needed; as till then, the sick and poor of the city had no shelter but an abandoned coal shed, which had formerly been part of the water-works. The typhus of 1848 called out all the devotedness of the sisters at Pittsburg, and no doubt inspired the muse of Longfellow, who, in his *Evangeline*, so beautifully depicts the Sister of Mercy in the house of pestilence:

"Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,  
Presaged by wondrous signs and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,  
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their claws but an acorn,  
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,  
Flooding some silver stream till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,

\* The Order of Mercy and its foundress. *Dublin Review*, pp. 2-25. (March, 1847).

† Geraldine; The Young Communicants; Tales of the Sacraments, &c.

So death flooded life, and o'erflowing its natural margin,  
 Spread to a brackish lake the silver stream of existence.  
 Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm the oppressor;  
 But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger;  
 Only alas! the poor who had neither friends nor attendants,  
 Crept away to die in the alms-house, home of the homeless.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Thither by day and by night came the Sister of Mercy. The dying  
 Looked up into her face and thought indeed to behold there  
 Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,  
 Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,  
 Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance;  
 Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial  
 Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits would enter."

Several of the sisters of Pittsburg fell victims to the fatal scourge, the first martyrs of charity of the Order of Mercy in America, and among the most regretted was the sister whom we have named, the pious and humble Sister Xavier, not with the typhus, indeed, but by an equally insidious disease, resulting from her attendance on the sick.\*

The house at Pittsburg having thus gloriously begun its career, soon extended its sphere of usefulness under the care of the superioress, Mother Josephine Cullen, a niece of the Archbishop of Dublin, and ere long had charge of an Orphan Asylum and house of industry in Pittsburg, with the Academies of St. Xavier at Latrobe, and St. Aloysius at Loretto.†

Nor were their filiations confined to Western Pennsylvania; the Rt. Rev. William Quarter, the first Bishop of Chicago, desiring to enrich his diocese with a foundation of Miss Macauley's order, applied to Bishop O'Connor and not in vain. In the month of September, 1846, Mother Mary Frances Ward led to Chicago a colony consisting of Sisters Mary Agatha O'Brien, Mary Vincent McGirr, Mary Gertrude Maguire, Mary Eliza Corbitt and Mary Eva Smidt. The new convent of Chicago prospered to such a degree that it has since covered the face of Illinois with its filiations: besides the mother house, which has connected with it the Academy of St. Francis Xavier, the sisters conduct two Orphan Asylums and the Mercy Hospital at Chicago; at Galena, they have another Convent and the Academy of St. Joseph, as well as a female Orphan Asylum; conducting free-schools moreover in both cities.‡ The whole number of sisters in this diocese is forty-six, viz. thirty-one professed, eleven novices, and four postulants.

Although Pittsburg had given the example, and supplied another diocese with this noble order, it could not suffice for the wants of the country. Other prelates too turned to Ireland for colonies of the devoted Sisters of our Lady of Mercy. In December, 1845, the Most Rev. John Hughes, now archbishop, but then bishop of New York, proceeded to Europe to procure among other religious bodies, some of the sisters of the institute of Miss McAuley. His application was not unsuccessful: the superioress gladly offered to aid in the salvation of souls, and a colony of Sisters of Mercy landed at New York on the 15th of May, 1846. A house of protection was soon opened, where the poor servant girl finds a shelter from temptation and encouragement in virtue, with instruction such as she needs. The sisters besides this visit the poor and the sick at their homes and in the public

\* DE COURCY.—The Catholic Church in the United States, pp. 299-301.

† Catholic Almanac, 1856, p. 237.

‡ U. S. Catholic Magazine, p. 567; Catholic Almanac, 1856, p. 95.

hospitals, instruct the ignorant, and in the prisons endeavor to rouse to a sense of virtue the unfortunate women whom vice has led to a career ending in disgrace. Untiring in their efforts the sisters have recently instituted among the girls in the house of protection and others, a sodality in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the ever Blessed Virgin, to which the Holy Father has deigned to grant his approval and numerous indulgences.\* The community at this convent of St. Catharine's now numbers thirty-eight, twenty-four being choir sisters.† This house too has extended; in 1855, a number of sisters commenced a new convent in the city of Brooklyn, to which they had been invited by the zealous bishop of that city. Still in its infancy, this community numbering six professed and two lay sisters, directs schools and a house of protection.‡

The Rt. Rev. Andrew Byrne, bishop of Little Rock, also desired to obtain this order to aid him, and visiting Ireland for the purpose in 1851, succeeded in his expectations. A colony of five sisters, five novices and one postulant, under the direction of Mother Teresa Farrell, proceeded to Little Rock, and in September, 1851, founded the first convent of their order west of the Mississippi. Another convent soon rose at Fort Smith, and it is now the mother house, having a novitiate attached to it; while at this very moment, a third house is about to be founded at Helena on the banks of the great river of the West. ||

In 1851 the late Rt. Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, bishop of Hartford, established a house of Sisters of Mercy at Providence, where they opened an academy, and undertook the care of the orphan asylum and free schools for girls; in the next year they founded another convent at New Haven. § In 1854 the cities of Hartford and Newport could each boast of convents of this order. The mother house and novitiate in the diocese of Hartford is Providence, the convent there now containing a community of seventeen professed choir sisters, fourteen novices, four postulants and seventeen lay sisters. ¶

The most recent of all the convents of the order are those of Baltimore and San Francisco, founded in 1855. Young as the order is we thus see its rapid diffusion over the country almost unequalled in the history of religious communities among us: thirteen years only have elapsed since the first Sisters of Mercy arrived on our shores, and now we find them in eight dioceses, and numbering no less than twenty-one different establishments. Few orders too have been equally blessed with vocations, which seem never to be wanting, the grace of God leading the young and gentle to prefer serving Christ in the person of Lazarus, to dining with Dives in earthly pomp and ease.

\* De Courey and Shea.—The Catholic Church in the United States, p. 437.

† Catholic Almanac for 1856, p. 176.

‡ De Courey, p. 494; Catholic Almanac, p. 227.

|| Catholic Almanac, 1856, p. 220; 1852, p. 166.

§ Almanac, 1852, p. 173; 1853, p. 133; 1855, p. 157.

¶ Almanac, 1856, p. 231.



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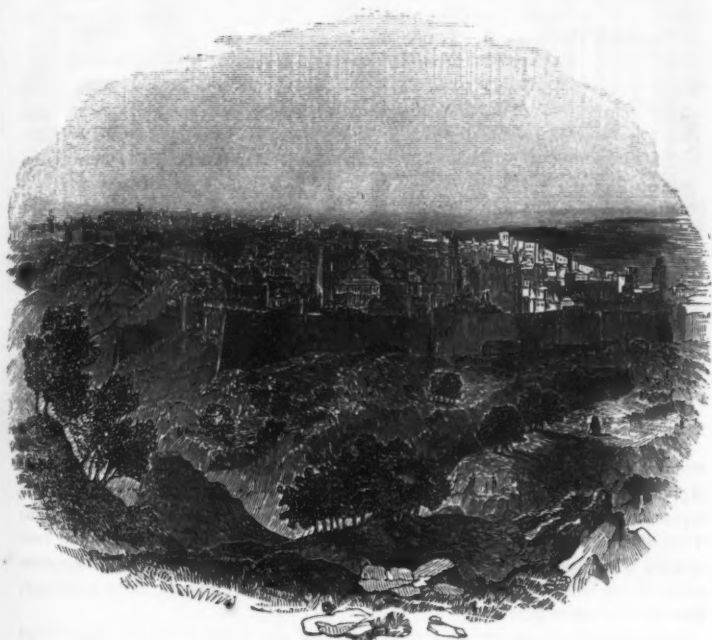
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## SCENES IN THE LIVES OF THE APOSTLES.

### ST. PAUL, (*Continued.*)

WHILE Saint Paul was at the proud capital of Greece announcing those gospel truths, which, simple and clear, had never been attained by the sages who had taught in that seat of learning, Saint Timothy came from Berea to inform the apostle of the persecution endured by the faithful at Thessalonica: anxious to strengthen the neophytes in the faith, the apostle of the Gentiles sent Timothy to the Thessalonians, as he expresses it, to exhort them "that no man should be moved in these tribulations; for yourselves know that we are appointed thereunto. For even when we were with you, we foretold you that we should suffer tribulations." \*

After the departure of Saint Timothy, Saint Paul left Athens to continue the work upon which he had been sent. Still tending westward he came to Corinth.

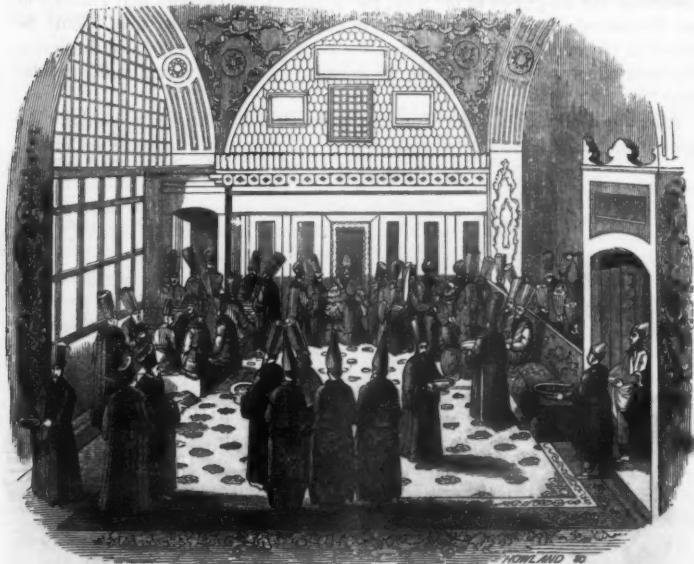


*Modern Corinth.*

This city, beautifully situated on the slope of a hill between two seas, was then a seat of luxury, wealth and voluptuousness, rivalling Cyprus itself in its debauchery.

\* 1 Thess. iii, 3.

Many Jews had gathered here especially from Rome, whence the Emperor Claudius had banished all of their race. Among these were two excellent persons, Aquila and his wife Priscilla, whose house became the home of the apostle. There with them he plied for a time his trade as a tent-maker, repairing every sabbath to the synagogue to preach the gospel and show his countrymen how the scriptures had been fulfilled. Nor did he neglect the Gentiles; them too he taught and not in vain. Of those whom he here converted and baptized, we know only of Crispus, ruler of the synagogue and his family; Caius, and Stephanas with all his family; but he generally left the more particular instruction and the admin-



*Oriental Hebrew Feast. — After Picart.*

istration of the sacrament of regeneration to his associates. "I have planted, Apollo watered: but God gave the increase."\* While at Corinth St. Paul was rejoiced by the arrival of Silas and Timothy who brought consoling tidings from Thessalonica. This induced the apostle to address the Thessalonians the two epistles which we still have, instructing them to avoid sloth, to suffer persecution patiently, to beware of false teachers, and imparting instruction as to marriage, funerals and other points.

Strengthened by the presence of Saint Silas and Saint Timothy, Saint Paul preached more earnestly than ever, but as the Jews remained obstinate, he left them, and going to the house of Titus Justus, a Gentile convert, turned his care to the Gentiles, many of whom he gained during his stay in the city, which was prolonged to nearly eighteen months. The Jews, exasperated with rage dragged the holy apostle before the tribunal of Gallio, pro-consul of Achaia, but the

\* 1 Cor. iii, 6.

indifferent Roman dismissed them saying: "If it were some matter of injustice or a heinous deed, O Jews, it would be reasonable I should bear with you; but if they be questions of a word, and of names, and of your law, look you to it, I will not be judge of such matters." St. Paul remained unhurt, as the Lord had told him in a vision: "Do not fear, but speak and hold not thy peace, because I am with thee, and no man shall set upon thee to hurt thee, for I have much people in this city." In fact the holy apostle beheld his accuser Sosthenes beaten by the mob before the very eyes of Gallio.

Soon after this Saint Paul resolved to visit Jerusalem, and setting out with Aquila and Priscilla, stopped at Cenchra, the port of Corinth, where in fulfilment of a vow he cut his hair. Halting at Ephesus, in Ionia, the city that boasted in its



*Modern Ephesus.*

temple of Diana, one of the wonders of the world, the Jews to whom he preached urged him to stay, but he declined and proceeded to the Holy City by the way of Cesarea. Having satisfied his devotion at Jerusalem he once more visited Antioch and all the churches of Galatia and Phrygia. After this he returned to the city of Ephesus. Here meanwhile St. Apollo of Alexandria, an eloquent man, deeply versed in the scriptures and full of fervor, had preached the name of Jesus boldly and with effect. He had not however as yet been ordained to the ministry, nor was fully instructed in all points, and conferred only on such as believed the baptism of St. John. Finding the way thus prepared, St. Paul baptized them, and administered the sacrament of confirmation, which was accompanied with the gift of

tongues and of prophecy. In order to carry on the good work so ably begun by St. Apollo, the holy apostle for three months preached in the synagogues, till wearied by the opposition and contradiction of the factious, he formed the disciples into a flock by themselves, making the school of Tyrannus the first Christian Church in Ephesus. Over this little church the apostle of the Gentiles presided, working extraordinary miracles, so that sickness and even the evil spirits fled from those who applied handkerchiefs and aprons that had touched the body of the saint. So universally was his power over evil spirits recognized that even those who believed not, sought in his name to cast out evil spirits. The sons of Sceva, a priest, attempted to exorcise one possessed, saying : " I conjure you by Jesus whom Paul preacheth," but the devil replied : " Jesus I know and Paul I know, but who are you ? " and the



*St. Paul Preaching at Ephesus.*

demoniac leaping on them drove them out naked and wounded. This prodigy as it became known produced a great effect on Jews and Gentiles; and many addicted to magic brought their impious books, which St. Paul consumed to the extent of fifty thousand pieces of silver.

Yet the progress of the faith was not unembarrassed, and from an expression of the apostle's, many of the holy Fathers, St. Chrysostom, St. Cyprian and St. Hilary, among the rest, believe that he was about this time exposed to the wild beasts in the amphitheatre. But we know nothing of the circumstances, the sacred historian dwelling only on the troubles caused by Demetrius, the silversmith. Ephesus contained a celebrated temple of Diana, to which worshippers came as to a pilgrimage, and each on departing carried off to secure the favor of the goddess a silver model of the temple. The silversmiths were accordingly numerous, and their trade bound them to the support of idolatry. St. Paul by his preaching had begun to diminish the votaries of Diana, and Demetrius calling together the silversmiths, easily excited them against the foreign teacher and his new creed. "Sirs," said he, "you know that our gain is by this trade now you see and hear that this

Paul by persuasion hath drawn away a great multitude, not only at Ephesus, but almost throughout all Asia, saying that there are no gods which are made by hands; so that not only our craft is in danger of being vilified, but also the temple of the great Diana shall be set at naught; yea, and her majesty shall begin to be destroyed, whom all Asia and the world worshippeth." At these words, so like many modern addresses against the Church of Christ, the silversmiths cried out in anger: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians; and the whole city was filled with confusion; and having caught Caius and Aristarchus, men of Macedonia, Paul's companions, they rushed with one accord into the theatre. And when Paul would have entered in unto the people, the disciples suffered him not. And some also of the rulers of Asia, who were his friends, sent unto him, desiring that he would not venture himself into the theatre: now some cried one thing, some another; for the assembly was confused, and the greater part knew not for what cause they were come together. And they drew forth Alexander out of the multitude, the Jews thrusting him forward. And Alexander beckoning with his hand for silence, would have given the people satisfaction. But as soon as they perceived him to be a Jew, all with one voice, for the space of two hours, cried out: Great is Diana of the Ephesians." And when the town-clerk had appeased the multitudes, he said: Ye men of Ephesus, what man is there that knoweth not that the city of the Ephesians is a worshipper of the great Diana, and of Jupiter's offspring. Forasmuch therefore as these things cannot be gainsayed, you ought to be quiet and do nothing rashly. For you have brought hither these men, who are neither guilty of sacrilege nor of blasphemy against your goddess. But if Demetrius, and the craftsmen that are with him, have a matter against any man, the courts of justice are open, and there are pro-consuls; let them accuse one another. And if you enquire after any other matter, it may be decided in a lawful assembly. For we are even in danger to be called in question for this day's uproar: there being no man guilty (of whom we may give account) of this concourse. And when he had said these things, he dismissed the assembly."

At the time of this riot, St. Paul was on the point of leaving Ephesus, whence he had written his epistle to the Galatians, warning them against false teachers. He had sent St. Timothy with Erastus into Macedonia, proposing himself to go to Jerusalem, and saying in the spirit: "After I have been there I must see Rome also." He now set out once more for the Holy City. (A. D. 57).\*

\* Acts, xviii.

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**SYMPATHY FOR THE FALLEN.**—For my part, I confess I have not the heart to take an offending man or woman from the general crowd of sinful, erring beings, and judge them harshly. The little I have seen of the world, and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed, the brief pulsation of joy, the feverish iniquity of hope and fear, the tears of regret, the feebleness of purpose, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, the scorn of the world that has but little charity, the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and the threatening voice within, health gone, even hope, that stays longest with us, gone, I have little heart for aught else but thankfulness, that it is not so with me, and would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-being with Him from whose hands it came.



# MARY LEE:

*Or the YANKEE in IRELAND.\**

BY PETER PINKIE.

*Edited by PAUL PEPPERGRASS, Esquire.*

## CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Continued.)

"Miss Lee I fear you must satisfy the gentleman in this matter," said the Captain. "According to the rules of the court the witness should uncover the face during examination."

Mary then slowly raised the veil and laid it gently over her shoulder. As she did a murmur of admiration broke from the audience, like that we have heard in public assemblies when the covering is taken from the face of a beautiful statue. The effect was instantaneous; every beholder seemed at the same moment to have felt the influence of her charms.

"God bless me! how beautiful she is," exclaimed one of the magistrates on the bench, entirely unconscious of being heard, and gazing on her face as if he had been looking at a vision.

And well he might gaze, for never saw he such a face before. Yet it was not in the features so perfectly moulded by the plastic hand of nature that her beauty lay, but in the angelic blush and unaffected modesty with which her pure soul had so radiantly suffused them.

Gentle reader, this beautiful creature was a child of Mary—an humble, gentle servant of the mother of God. The perfection of her features she had from nature, but that which defies all the art of the painter or the sculptor—that inexpressible charm which animated them—was the gift of religion.

"Miss Lee, pray look at this and see if you can recognize it?" resumed the Captain, handing the rosary to a policeman.

It was a silver beaded rosary, with a gold crucifix attached.

"This is not mine, sir," replied Mary, after a moment's examination.

"What reason have you to think so?"

"Mine had the initials of my mother's name engraved on the back; this one has the letters W. F."

"Any other marks by which you can distinguish it?"

"The one I lost looked much more worn than this, and the letters more illegible."

"Just so—from constant use, I suppose," said the Captain good-humoredly, turning to the priest.

Mary kept her eyes cast down, but said nothing in reply.

"Don't blush, my child—don't blush; you love your religion, and you practice it. I wish to heaven we could all say as much. As to the devotion of the

\* Copy-right secured according to law.

rosary—I mean the Catholic practice of praying to the Virgin Mary—I look upon it, though I'm very far from being a Catholic myself, as the most beautiful devotion in the world."

"Thank you, Captain," said the priest; "thank you for your generous testimony. You'll find," he added, "before very long, there's a charm in the rosary you little suspected. The immaculate virgin, whom that spotless creature has so long served with such tender affection, will not suffer her love to go unrequited."

"I don't know, but by the lord Harry," responded the burly Captain, "I'm beginning to think there's some mysterious influence at work;" and he hitched his chair a little closer to the desk, as if he felt an increasing interest in the investigation.

"And now, Miss Lee, can you inform the bench when you missed the rosary?"

"On the 12th of ——"

"From what place?"

"I always kept it in an old family bible, to mark the page I had been reading last, and when I went to look for it there it was gone."

"Did you acquaint the members of your family of the loss?"

"I told my uncle of it immediately."

"Did you make a thorough search for it?"

"Yes, sir; we searched everywhere through the house."

"Did you see Mr. Ephraim Weeks, here present, at the light-house on that day?"

"I did, sir."

"Where—in what part of the house?"

"In the parlor, looking out of the window."

"Was it in that room you kept the bible in which the rosary was?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did any other person visit the light-house on that day?"

"A gentleman called to see us about the same time, but did not enter the parlor."

"I have but one more question to ask, Miss Lee. Are you of opinion that some one not a member of your family took the rosary?"

"I am, sir."

"Whom do you suspect?"

"I know of no one who could have taken it but the gentleman I saw in the parlor, Mr. Weeks."

"That's enough, Miss Lee—you may retire," said the Captain, leaning back in his chair. "Gentlemen," he continued, addressing his associates, "the case is a pretty clear one against Weeks; and as it comes within our jurisdiction, being but a case of petty theft, we must commit him, and send the forgery affair up to a higher court."

"Hold on a minit," exclaimed the Yankee. "Ye ain't agoin to commit me, I expect, without hearing me in my own defence?"

"Well, sir, go on," replied the chairman; "proceed, but don't be long about it, for we haven't much time to spare. This trial has taken up too much of our time already."

"Well," said Weeks, gathering in his legs and rising to his feet, "I can't say I know much of English law, though I do think I'm pretty well posted up in law of the States. But, gents, I've got a sorter notion—well, I may be mistaken, ye know—but still I've got a sorter notion that there's no law to be found in any

civilized country in the world to punish a man when he hain't committed no crime. I guess that's a point won't admit of much dispute, any how. Well, let's see now what injustice I have committed—there's Miss Lee to begin with; I hain't stolen her rosary. I took it, I allow, inadvertently put it in my pocket; but I had no intention of stealing it, not a mite. We Yankees ain't a given to hooking as a general thing; it ain't in our nature. We specklate once in a while beyond our capital, and come it over green-horns now and then in the way of trade, but hooking ain't a Yankee trick, no how, specially such a tid-re-eye consarn as that. I acknowledge I took it, gents, and you may do what you're a mind to about it; but as for hooking the affair, I swonnie I never thought of it from the time I left the light-house till cousin Rebecca showed me the damned thing a day or two after, and called me a papist in disguise for having it in my possession. Now as to this old lady here, she hain't got nothing to complain of that I know of. The hull amount of the matter is, she did nothing for me, and I paid her nothing; ain't that so, gents? Ha! ha! the old thing thought she was smart—and so she is a darn'd sight smarter than I took her for—but she forgot she had a Yankee to deal with;" and Weeks shut one eye as he spoke and thrust his hands down into his breeches pockets—"she forgot she'd a Yankee to deal with, a live Yankee, with his eye peeled, and fresh from Connecticut. Ha! ha!"

Here the magistrates, after commanding silence several times (for the audience got so tickled at Weeks' language and gestures they could no longer restrain themselves), at length broke out into a loud laugh, the Captain's fat sides shaking as he turned to and fro to say a merry word to the priest or his next neighbor on the bench.

"Silence, you rascals down below there," he cried, when he recovered himself. "Can't a man speak without a brogue on his tongue but you must laugh at him? Silence, and let the man be heard."

"Stand him up, Captain, jewel; stand him up on the table—we can't hear him," shouted several voices in the crowd.

"Up with him! up with him!" now became the general cry, and Weeks in the midst of the uproar mounted the table, and trusting to his own resources to elicit sympathy from the audience, boldly resumed his defence.

"Well," said he, pulling up his shirt collar and pushing back his long sandy hair behind his ears, as he looked around the hall—"well, ladies and gents, I guess I hain't got a great deal more to say. All of you know pretty much by this time that I'm a stranger in these parts, and I know on the other hand you're Irish to a man. Well, I ain't a goin to make the inference—no, I leave that to yourselves. All I shall say is, the Irish at hum and abroad are famous for their hospitality to the stranger."

"Be aisy, avourneen," said somebody near the door; "be aisy now, and don't be tryin to soft soap us that way. Don't ye remimber the weddin at Ballymagahy?"

"Well, there!" exclaimed Weeks, suddenly turning as the voice reached his ear.

"Who's that?" demanded the Captain.

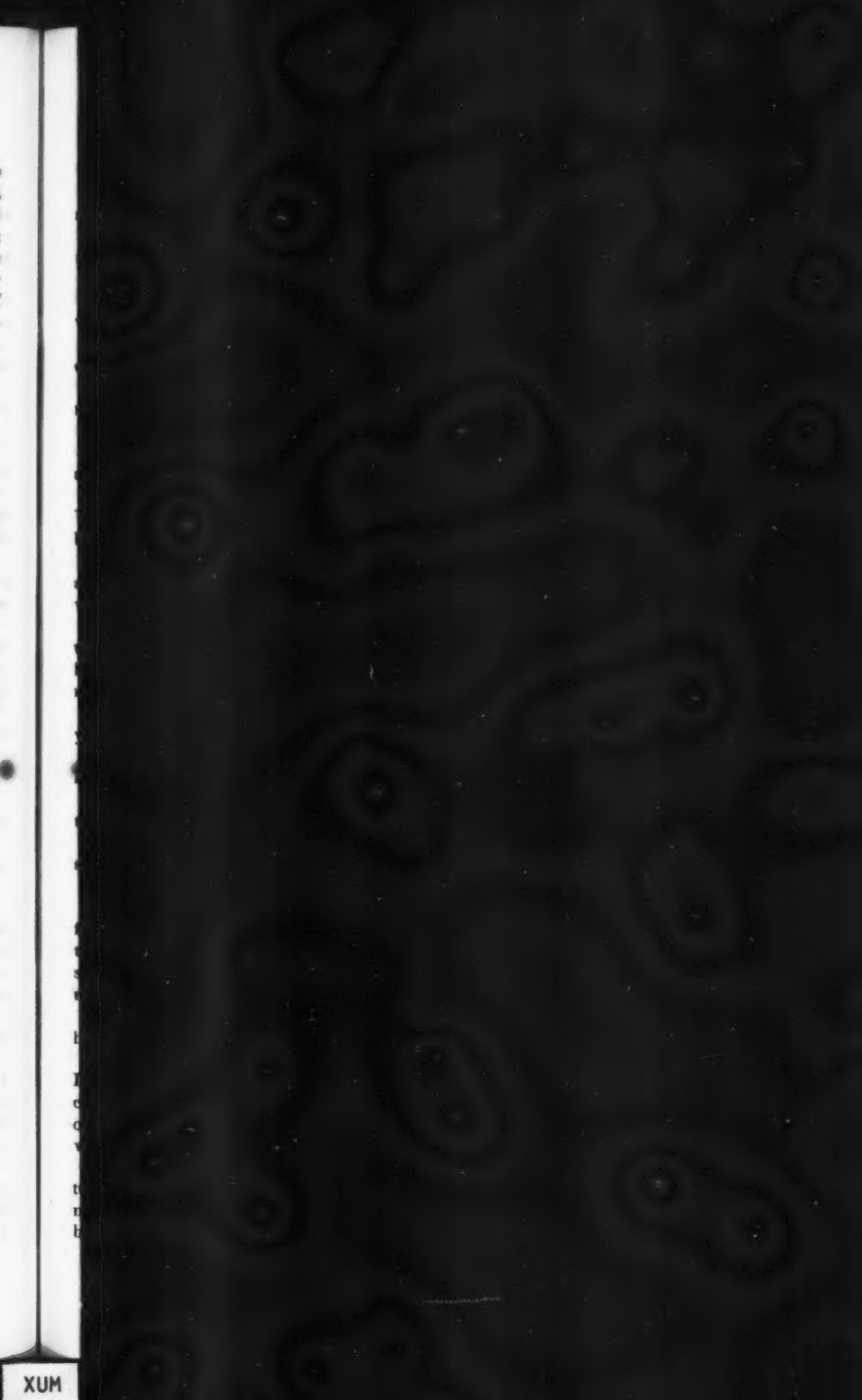
"By thunder! if it ain't the tarnal rascal again. Well, I swow!"

"Who? who is he?"

"Lanty Hanlon, if he's alive," responded Weeks.

"Impossible—the police are now in pursuit of him."

"Well, pursuit or not," replied Weeks, "if he's out of h—ll that's he, or I ain't Ephraim C. B. Weeks."



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"Police, see who that fellow is," cried the Captain.

"Lanty Hanlon's the man, and no mistake," repeated Weeks. "I could swear to his voice on the top of Mount Tom."

"Ho there! at the door below, has the detachment from Milfred arrived?" demanded Hardwinkle.

The answer came up in the affirmative.

"Then let search be made instantly for Lanty Hanlon. You, sergeant, hold a warrant for his arrest—see that he escape not, at your peril."

"What! how's this?" demanded Captain Petersham—"a reinforcement without my knowledge or consent?"

"I ordered it, sir, I repeat. I apprehended a riot and rescue of the prisoner," replied Hardwinkle.

"Ha! a rescue!" and the Captain turned to look at the young outlaw.

"He's a bold, daring fellow," pleaded Hardwinkle, "and I feared he might attempt to escape."

"Psaugh! psaugh! sir, your explanation only makes the matter worse. Your conduct's a disgrace to this bench, sir, and an outrage to the feelings of your brother magistrates."

"Hush! hush! Captain," remonstrated the priest, laying his hand on his arm and speaking low. "You must take another time and place to rebuke Mr. Hardwinkle."

"No, sir, I shall not," replied the indignant Captain. "This is the proper time and place to rebuke him; and I tell him now, here in open court, that his conduct throughout this whole affair has been both unchristian and ungentlemanly."

"Captain Petersham, you know I'm a man of peace," said Hardwinkle, "or you would hardly dare to utter such language here."

"Peace—ay, the peace of the serpent;" and the Captain turned on him such a look as might have withered him up.

"I shall quit the court under protest," said Hardwinkle, rising, "since neither the law nor the feelings of a gentleman are respected here."

"Not an inch," ejaculated the Captain. "Move but one step from where you stand, and I commit you."

"What! commit me?"

"Ay, you, sir, for conspiring with your worthy cousin there to carry off by force and violence the person of Mary Lee in an open boat from Araheera-Head to Malinmore, in the event of her not consenting to the marriage. I have now, sir, in my possession due information to that effect, sworn to by two of the very men you engaged to execute that damnable design."

"The charge is false, sir," exclaimed Hardwinkle, but in tones so low and husky that the very sounds spoke his guilt.

"And that no time might be lost," pursued the Captain, without noticing Hardwinkle's denial—"that no time might be lost, the young lady was to be carried off this very night, as soon as the sheriff had removed her uncle, and no one left to protect her in that remote and desolate spot but her old and feeble servant, Rodger O'Shaughnessy."

Here a murmur of indignation ran through the audience, and every eye turned on Hardwinkle. That gentleman made no reply, however, but after a moment's reflection quietly resumed his seat, as if he had made up his mind to bear his sufferings with the patience and humility of a martyr.

During this interruption Weeks stood on the table, or platform rather, with his hands driven down into his breeches pockets, and apparently as little concerned at what was passing as if Hardwinkle had not been 'a drop's blood to him in the world.' Even when the charge of conspiring to carry off Mary Lee was made against that respectable relation, he hitched up his shoulders and jingled the silver as usual, but showed no sign of either surprise or resentment. At length, however, silence was restored, and at a nod from the chairman Weeks again pulled up his shirt collar and resumed his defence.

"Well, ladies and gents, I ain't a goin to detain you long. No; speech-making ain't in my line; but still, you know, every man should be able to tell his own story. Well, as to this darn'd old critter here, half devil, half catamount, I guess I have given a pretty considerable fair account of my transaction with her—well, enough to show I hain't done her no wrong, any how. Then as to the dry goods man, let him produce his bill, and if I hain't paid him the full value of his goods already in pure gold, independent of the fifty dollar note, why I'm ready to suffer the consequences, that's all. I kalklate, gents, to give every man his due, but hang a copper more, and if I find a man tryin to impose on me, I manage some how or other to pay him off in his own coin. I repeat it, gents, let this dry goods man who supplied me with fishing tackle and all that sorter thing, let him stand up here and produce his bill; that's plain talk, ain't it, gents? Well, then, all that remains now is to account for my transaction with Mr. Hardwinkle here about that note. It goes agin me to do it, it does, that's a fact; but considering the fix I've got into, I feel bound to go through with it. Mr. Hardwinkle may feel a little put out about it, I guess, but he's here, you know, on his own soil, while I'm a stranger, and nothing to depend on but the bare truth. Besides, this is about the last day, I reckon, I can spend conveniently in this section of the country, and for the sake of New England, should like to leave it with a good name."

"And why wudn't ye, *asthore*—by the powers ye earned it richly," said some one close by, in a stage whisper. "Faith, yer a credit to the country ye came from, *avouneen*."

"Silence, there," commanded the chairman, hardly able to suppress a laugh; "silence, there, and respect the court."

"Go ahead," cried Weeks, whoever you be; "go ahead, I'll wait till you've got through. I ain't in no hurry."

"Proceed, Mr. Weeks, and don't mind the fellow."

"Well, the hull amount of the matter is, the note cost Mr. Hardwinkle nothing, not a cent; he got it from a Dublin attorney on commission, to make the most he could on't."

Hardwinkle here attempted to interrupt him, but the Captain interposed, and the speaker continued.

"I ain't surprised at Mr. Hardwinkle's gettin riled, not a mite, for I swonnie it looks kinder mean in me to talk so after enjoying his hospitality; but I've got into a sorter snarl, gents, you see, about this here marriage concern, and I must tell the truth, for I don't see any other chance of getting out of it. Well, then, to be plain about it, we had an understanding—Mr. Hardwinkle and I had—well, it was just like this: if we succeeded in getting rid of Lee by means of the note, and could then induce the young lady to marry right straight off, or if she refused, to carry her off to the nearest place we could catch a vessel bound for the States; I say if we succeeded in this, Mr. Hardwinkle was to have \$10,000 cash, and I run the risk of the note, succeed or fail."



"Scoundrel!" ejaculated Hardwinkle, hissing the words between his teeth.

"Gentlemen, this is the most outrageous falsehood ——"

"Psaugh! hold on a bit—don't get riled, cousin Robert."

"But what could I expect," continued the latter, "when you're ignorant of the very first principles of religion?"

"Do say. Well, I never made much pretension about it, you know, cousin, and so you couldn't expect much from me in that line; but for you, who's praying and reading the bible most part the time through the week and sabbath especially, why it was going it a leetle mite too strong to try do me out that note, worn't it now, cousin Robert? By crackie, Bob, for a pious, God-fearing man, you're about as smart a one as I've met since I left Connecticut—you are, I swow, no mistake about it. But, gents, I don't see no use now in talking over the matter further. I was a goin to produce Mr. Hardwinkle's letters to me before I left the States about this here marriage, to show you I ain't the only one to blame in the transaction; but I guess it's just as well let the matter drop as it is. As regards the speculation I came here on, why all can be said about it is *I failed*—that's the amount of it. The fact is, gents, I always heard the Irish were an almighty green sort of folks, both at hum and abroad, and thought a Yankee, specially a Connecticut Yankee, had nothing to do but go right straight along soon's he got among them; but I find now I made a mistake in that respect. It ain't so, gents; the Irish at hum ain't so green by a long chalk as some I've met in the States."

"Nor all the Yankees so smart as they think," added the Captain, smiling.

"Well, sometimes we get sniggled, you know, like the rest of folks. Well, it's just like this: we hain't got to our full growth yet, but give us fifty years more to get our eye-teeth cut, and I tell you what, Captain, should like to see the foreigner then could come the blind side of us; that man'd be a caution, I tell ye. As for Mr. Hardwinkle here, I don't wonder he's smart, for he belongs to a pretty considerable smart kinder family. Well, he's got a cousin in Ducksville name of Weeks, said to be about as smart a man as you can scare up in that section of the country, and still he hain't been a hundred miles from home, I guess, all his life time."

"Brother of yours, I suppose?" said the Captain.

"Well, no; he ain't any relation of mine that I know of—an acquaintance, that's all."

"I thought being a Duckville man and a cousin of Mr. Hardwinkle's here, he might be your brother, or cousin at least."

"No, not exactly; he's much about the same though, we've always been so intimate. It was he first told me of his relations here, the Hardwinkles."

"First told you," repeated the Captain. "What, did not you know that yourself already?"

"No, can't say I did."

"Why, are you not Mr. Hardwinkle's cousin?"

"Not that I know of," quietly responded Weeks.

"And now to the prisoner in the dock—who demands his committal?" inquired the Captain.

"I do," responded Hardwinkle; "I demand it in the name of the State. Clerk, call sergeant Joseph Muller."

As the latter came up to the stand Hardwinkle pointed to the prisoner. "Have you ever seen that man before?"

"I have."

"What is his name?"

"Randall Joseph Barry."

"Do you swear that?" said the Captain.

"I do."

"What! did you see him baptized?"

"No; but I was brought up within a stone's throw of his father's house."

"Gentlemen," said the prisoner, "it's quite unnecessary to proceed further in this examination. My name is Randall Joseph Barry; I am a rebel to the British government, and the same individual for whose capture the reward of three hundred pounds is offered by the crown. I have no defence to make, and I ask no favors. Proceed, if it so please you, to make out my committal."

"Fool!" ejaculated Else Curley—"yer pride has ruined ye."

"Young man, the court does not expect you to make admissions likely to criminate yourself," said the chairman, casting a reproachful look at the prisoner.

"He has avowed himself a rebel," said Hardwinkle; "he is therefore unbailable, and now I demand he be committed forthwith to Lifford jail."

"Have you any thing to say in your vindication," said the Captain; "if you have, we shall hear you patiently."

"Nothing," promptly responded the young outlaw. "I have deliberately done that which British law declares to be a crime, and having done it I am willing to suffer the punishment. Had I effected my escape to a foreign land, as was my purpose (and whilst he uttered the words his eyes involuntarily turned in the direction of Mary Lee, the sole cause of his detention); had I effected my escape, I should have been *there* no less an enemy and a rebel to the British government than I am here on my native soil, nor cease for one single day of my life to compass its overthrow. After having failed in the attempt, I have but one thing to regret—I should not speak of it now, perhaps—but ——" here his words seemed choked in the utterance—"one thing only, that I can never —"

A scream from under the bench interrupted him.

Every eye turned in the direction of the sound. It was poor Mary Lee—she had fainted in the arms of Kate Petersham.

At a single bound the prisoner cleared the dock and clasped her fainting form to his heart.

Instantly the uproar and confusion became so great that Hardwinkle again rose and called on the police to enter the court-house and keep order.

"Not an inch, sir," cried the Captain—"I command here. Constables, remain in your places."

"Mary," whispered Randall, "listen to me—one word in your ear, and then we part forever."

The gentle girl opened her eyes at length and looked lovingly into his, while the tears bedewed her pale cheeks. "O, Randall, Randall," she murmured, "has it come to this at last. Mother of Mercy, save him—save him."

"Hush! hush! dear Mary," whispered Kate, affectionately kissing her fair forehead, "all may be well. The end has not come yet—this is but the beginning—wait, be patient awhile."

"God bless you! Mary, God bless you!" and the fine young fellow's face quivered with emotion as he spoke. "Farewell, we can never meet again. You have at length found a father, who will love and protect you as I would have done."

"O, dear Randall, do not speak so. You shall not leave me: let us both go to my father together—he will —"

"It cannot be," said Randall—"I shall never sue for pardon, never."

"But I have prayed to the Blessed Virgin for you," said Mary, "and she ——"

"Back with ye! back with ye! hell hounds, give way," now came ringing out as clear as a trumpet from a stout, curly-headed fellow, at the head of some dozen others, clearing their way through the crowd, and smashing heads and bayonets with their black thorns in their stormy passage. "Give way, ye dogs, give way. To the rescue—*corp au dhoul*, to the rescue."

"By the lord Harry," exclaimed the Captain, speaking to the priest, "there comes Lanty Hanlon; I vow to heaven it is. Well done! my gallant fellow, well done!"

"O, Lanty, you never failed me yet," said Kate, proudly. "My life on you for a million—now comes the tug o' war."

"Police, do your duty," cried Hardwinkle, his face no longer wearing its demure aspect, but fired with passion at the danger of losing his victim, after whose blood he had thirsted so long. "Do your duty, I command you."

For a moment the outlaw looked round the court, as if to calculate his chances of escape—in the next he was driven forward in the centre of a group towards the door.

"Shoot them down!" vociferated Hardwinkle, springing to his feet—"shoot down the rebel and his rescuers."

"Hold! hold!" commanded the chairman in a voice of thunder. "The first man fires dies; he's not yet committed—hold your fire."

By this time Lanty and his men had gained the side of the dock where Else Curley stood, her arms folded as usual, and her keen, deep-sunken eye fixed on Hardwinkle. As they did, the whole detachment of police rushed from the door, despite the Captain's orders, and charged the rioters with fixed bayonets.

"Surrender the prisoner or we fire," cried the lieutenant. "I order you to surrender in the queen's name, instantly."

"Cudn't ye wait till th' morrow?" said Lanty, sneeringly.

"I again command you to surrender the prisoner," repeated the officer.

But hardly had the words escaped his lips when a blow from behind felled him to the ground, and then the riot commenced in good earnest.

"Down with the Sassenach dogs!" shouted Lanty, making his staff play round him in true Celtic fashion. Down with them—*corp au dhoul*—drive them before ye."

Else Curley at this moment by some chance or other succeeded in forcing her way in amongst the combatants, and thrusting the silver mounted pistol she carried into Randall's breast, then drew forth herself the old Spanish dagger, which the reader saw once before at her cabin on the Cairn, and waived it in her brown skeleton hand high over the heads of the rioters. "Ha!" she cried, "the young lion is now with his dam, and see who'll dar injure a hair of his head. Ha! ha! now let the enemy of my house and home come on, and see how soon this good steel 'll drink his heart's blood. Away with him to the door, there, and baulk the tiger of his prey—away with him!"

Hardwinkle now jumped from the bench, and calling on the police to stab the prisoner and his rescuers, forced his way also in amongst the rioters, his eyes flashing fire and his face flushed with intense passion. At this moment Randall Barry, after breaking bayonet after bayonet with the pistol which he held still undischarged in his hand, turned to defend himself from those in the rear, and met Hardwinkle face to face.

"Rebel!" cried the latter, snatching a carbine from the next constable—"rebel, traitor, enemy of your religion and your country, take now the punishment you deserve," and as he spoke he attempted to pull the trigger, but his hands trembled so in the fury of his passion that he missed the spring. Next instant Else Curley's long bony fingers had grasped him by the throat, and he fell backwards on the flags of the court-house, the musket exploding as it reached the floor.

Lanty and his comrades had now fought their way bravely on step by step, Randall defending himself with his single arm against the repeated assaults of the constables, and still reserving his fire, as if for a last emergency; but now came the moment that was to decide his fate.

They had succeeded indeed at last in driving the police before them out through the court-house door, but here the danger and difficulty increased, from the fact that once beyond the threshold, Captain Petersham's authority ceased as presiding magistrate, and Hardwinkle was at liberty to give what orders he pleased, if he only assumed the responsibility. How he extricated himself from the hands of Else Curley it is impossible to say, but certain it is, that, much to the surprise of the beholders, he was suddenly seen jumping from one of the windows of the building down on the low wall that enclosed the yard, like one demented.

"Fire!" he cried, as he alighted and glanced at the preparations made for Barry's escape, his quick eye detecting in an instant the reason of Moll Pitcher being kept there standing at the gate. "Fire!" he repeated; "on your lives let not the prisoner escape—fire!"

But he had come too late: Randall had already gained the outside of the yard, borne on by his trusty defenders, foremost amongst whom fought Lanty, his head and arms bleeding profusely from the bayonet wounds of the constables, whilst Randall's own were hardly in a better condition.

Hardwinkle now saw there was but once chance remaining, namely: to intercept the fugitive and detain him till the police could come up and arrest him; and making all possible speed to where his horse stood in the hands of his groom, he mounted and rushed past the gate in order to head the prisoner off.

Randall, however, was already in the saddle. He had sprung into it by the strength of his single arm, and instantly gathering up the reins, gave Moll the word. The splendid creature knowing well that something more than usual was expected of her, reared for an instant, and then shot forward like an arrow, making the fire fly from the pavement.

"Glorious Moll Pitcher," cried Lanty, "now for it! If horse-flesh can save ye, Randall Barry, it's Moll Pitcher."

"Shoot him down! shoot him down!" vociferated Hardwinkle, as he rode on before the fugitive with the intention of wheeling round and intercepting him in his flight.

The words were hardly spoken, when three shots came in quick succession. They did no mischief, however,—one of them but slightly grazing Barry's cheek, while the others went wide of their mark.

The crowd now rushed through the gate and over the wall in wild confusion; some pelting stones at the police, and others venting curses loud and deep against Hardwinkle and his *Sassenach* crew.

Randall saw, as Hardwinkle wheeled his horse to intercept him, that if he happened to be detained but a second, he should in all probability fall by a bullet from the police, before he could get out of musket range, and so drawing his pistol from his breast, he let the reins drop on his horse's neck, and prepared himself

for the worst. As he did so, Hardwinkle was up within ten yards of him. "Keep off! keep off!" cried Randall, "or I fire. If you value your coward life, keep off."

But Hardwinkle took no notice of the warning, and as he rushed on to seize the reins, Randall dropped the muzzle of his pistol and shot his horse right through the head. "There, take your life," he cried, "I shall never have such dastard blood on my hands."

The horse dropped instantly, for the ball had passed through his brain.

And then rose a cheer wild and loud that made the very heavens ring again, as Randall was seen flying up the hill on Moll Pitcher, clear of all danger, his long black hair floating on the breeze, and his broken arm still visible in the sling.

Whilst the crowd stood cheering and gazing after the young outlaw, Else Curley followed by several of the constables hurried up to where Hardwinkle had fallen. Else was first on the ground. "Hah!" she cried, about to utter some malediction, but suddenly stopped and bent down to gaze on the face of the fallen man. He was lying under the horse.

"What's the matter—is he hurt?" demanded the constables.

"Ay, he's hurt," responded Else, dryly.

"He don't move—how's that?"

"He's dead!"

"The horse, you mean."

"Horse and man," said Else, "they're both dead."

The police, assisted by the country people, soon succeeded in relieving the body from the weight which had fallen on it—but life was gone. The clay, indeed, was still warm, but the soul had left it, to give in its account at another tribunal.

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## CHAPTER XXIX.

Soon after the fatal accident related above had occurred, Captain Petersham accompanied by his friends reached the spot, and finding no life in the body, ordered it to be taken back to the court house and there await the pleasure of the family.

"How sudden and how shocking," exclaimed the priest, "already gone to meet his God."

"It's a very deplorable accident, I must confess," said the Captain, "very indeed: and now that he's gone, I protest, sir, I'm sorry for him. The unfortunate man sat many a long day with me on the bench here—and though he often provoked me, still by the lord Harry, I could never wish him dead. But this regret is useless now," he added. "Where is Lanty Hanlon?"

"Haven't seen him," replied the priest. "I hope the mad fellow has escaped the fire."

"Hope so—and where is Else Curley, too? I wonder is she alive."

"There she is, plase yer honor," answered somebody at his side, "there she is, spakin to the ladies."

"The very woman, by George it is! But has no one seen Lanty? I fear he's hurt or killed."

"Divil a fear of him, Captain, darlin, he's as sound as a throut," said the same voice.

The Captain turned and saw an old woman in a blue cloak and night-cap (both rather worse for the wear), leaning on a staff, and apparently old and sickly, to judge from her cough and the stoop of her shoulders.

"Where is he—when did you see him last?"

"Ugh! ugh! oh dear, this cough's killin me! When did I see him last, is it? Well, I didn't see him since ye seen him last yerself, Captain," and the speaker laughed as if there was something very amusing in the question.

"What!" exclaimed the Captain, "what! eh! whom have we here?"

"Whisht, whisht, the constable's beside ye, there. Don't minton my name for yer life. Don't ye remimber the warrint ye sent afther me for taking the loan of Miss Hardwrinkle?"

"I do—and I tell you now, Lanty, what you may rest assured of."

"Well, sir?"

"That you'll be hung if you stay here—you will, sir. By the lord Harry you will."

"Me?"

"Ay, you, sir!"

"That rope's not made yit, Captain, dear. No, no, my pride niver carried me that high yet."

"Quit the country, sir; quit the country—that's my advice to you—and quit it immediately, too, for I can save you no longer."

"Cudn't ye hould out for another year, Captain?"

"No, sir, nor for another week, either. Are you not aware that the abduction of Miss Hardwrinkle is a transportable offence? But why another year, pray?"

"Well, there's a sort of a sacret in that," responded Lanty, wiping the blood from his face.

"And what's the secret?"

"Why, then, it isn't much to spake of, Captain, only in regard of a bit of a girl up here, that I had a kind of a notion of, and she tells me she's not just to say ready yit."

"Ho! ho! that's it—well, never mind, I'll make her ready—who is she?"

"A girl of the Kelly's of Minadreen, sir."

"A daughter of one of my tenants—very well, send her up to Castle Gregory to-morrow or next day, I'll give her her outfit. Send her up, and prepare yourself to leave, for you're not safe here an hour."

"Captain," said a policeman, touching his cap, "Lanty Hanlon, I fear, has escaped."

"Shouldn't doubt it, sir, in the least," replied the Captain. "By the lord Harry, sir, you should every man of you be drummed out for a set of poltroons. Ten constables and couldn't make a single arrest. I shall see to it, sir. You have the Yankee still in custody, I trust."

"No, sir, he has escaped also, in the confusion."

"What! gone!"

"Sir, he's no where to be found. This, I suspect, belongs to him, but —"

"What's that? Ah! his silver card case. Well, sir, you needn't mind looking after him now. His detection at present would answer no purpose. Let him go. He has seen enough of Ireland without visiting our jails, I suspect, by this time," and so saying, the Captain advanced to the ladies and suggested that all, including the priest and Dr. Horseman, should spend the night at Castle Gregory.

"You must excuse me," said Horseman, "I purpose leaving Derry to-morrow by the first boat for Liverpool."

"That can't be," interrupted Kate, "you must give me an opportunity to make up our quarrel. I shan't listen to such a thing."

"Impossible;" said Horseman, "I shall quit Ireland to-morrow, without fail."

"With very bad impressions of the country, I fear," said the Captain.

"Humph!" responded the Doctor, shrugging his shoulders, "that's as it may be," and thanking the several parties for their hospitality during his short stay, bade them farewell, and pursued his way in the direction of the little inn of the village.

Father John now begged to be excused also, but Kate and Mary soon prevailed on him to bear them company, and taking the light-keeper's arm he followed the Captain, supporting Mary and Kate on either side, light-hearted and happy, to pay a visit to Uncle Jerry, and bring him also with them if possible to Castle Gregory where no doubt they should find Randall Barry, impatiently awaiting their return.

As they wended their way to Greenmount, the Captain suddenly inquired of Kate where Else Curley had gone, and how she felt after the death of her old enemy, Robert Hardwinkle.

"She's gone to Benraven," answered Kate, "and gone never to return till her body be carried to her sister's grave in the old church-yard at Mossmount. Her parting with Mary Lee, her foster child, was a melancholy one, and yet, though I thought her heart would break, she never shed a tear."

"What an extraordinary woman she is—so relentless; so full of wild, ungovernable passion at her years," observed the Captain.

"Ah, she is no longer so now, Captain," replied Mary, "a child this moment could lead her round the world. The instant she saw Mr. Hardwinkle dead, every fibre relaxed, and every feeling of passion and resentment left her heart. May the Comforter of the afflicted, and the Help of the weak, guide and guard her steps to the tomb. She was kind to me, Captain, in my infancy—kind to me as a mother, and I would not her soul were lost for the wealth of worlds."

"It shall not be lost, Mary, if I can help it," said the priest, catching the words.

"God bless you, dear father, for that kind word—it relieves my heart of a load of doubt and fear which has long oppressed it."

"Had you seen the old solitary, Captain," said Kate, looking up in her brother's face, "had you seen her gazing over at the dead body and shaking her head so slowly and solemnly, you would have thought at once of these glorious words: *He is dead and so is mine enemy.*"

#### POSTSCRIPT.

DEAR READER.—We have carried you through a long—and perhaps in the main, a weary, tedious narration. At length, however, it has come to a close, and such as it is, you have it; or to borrow the words of Lord Byron:

What is writ is writ;  
Would it were worthier! but I am not now  
What I have been—and my visions flit  
Less palpably before me—and the glow  
Which in my spirit dwelt is fluttering, faint and low.



## SECOND POSTSCRIPT.

THE above is the story of MARY LEE as it came into our hands.

Mr. Pinkie it seems had not finished it when he left Ireland, and was never afterwards able, on account of the rheumatism, to finish it here. We suppose this must have been the way of it. Whether he actually intended to make the end of *Childe Harold* the end of *Mary Lee* also, it's of course now very difficult to tell—though, indeed, for ourselves, we must confess, we have a strong inclination to think in the affirmative, especially as being brought up together, we remember well many personal proofs of his short and snappy disposition. But be that as it may, 'tis evident the tale wants another joint to finish it, and so being appointed his legatee, we have considered it no more than our duty to make up the little deficiency in the best way we can. For that purpose we wrote to a faithful correspondent at Rosnakill for information respecting the fate of some of the principal actors in the drama, and the following is the result:

"In reply to your favor of recent date, I have the pleasure to acquaint you with the following facts. They have been obtained after very considerable trouble and inquiry, and therefore I shall expect you to put them to my credit in the old account.

"First then, it seems the meeting between Mr. Guirkie and Mary Lee was very affecting—so much so, indeed, that the Captain, stout-hearted and all as he is, after rubbing up his grizzly hair two or three times in quick succession, and plucking down his waistcoat as many more, was finally obliged to turn his face to the window and whistle against the glass. Uncle Jerry's joy knew no bounds—he made Miss Lee sit on his knee, and he smoothed down her hair, and looked up in her face, and wept, and vowed and declared she was the very picture of her that was gone. Mrs. Motherly, poor woman, is said to have entered the parlor just at that time with her master's leggings to button them on, but seeing what she did see, turned short on her step, and drawing the door after her with a bang, quit the house instantly and was never heard of since. For the last fact I cannot vouch exactly—my own impression being that she did return once more, and even had a pension granted her by Mr. Guirkie for her faithful and matronly services.

"As you are already aware the Captain entertained the party, Mr. Guirkie of course included, that night at Castle Gregory, and so far as I can learn, a merry night they had of it. Mary Lee and Randall Barry were married, as you might have expected, by the good Father Brennan; and Uncle Jerry, curious enough, is reported to have given away the bride. It is further asserted, and on excellent authority, too, that the same said gentleman, after slipping a check on the bank of Londonderry for £2,000 into Mary Lee's hand as a marriage portion, instantly called on Kate to play the 'Sailor's Hornpipe,' and danced with his hands on his sides till he fell back on the sofa, and there actually went to sleep from sheer exhaustion.

"Ten days after the wedding the Captain's yacht was seen weighing anchor at Balymastocken, and slowly moving up to the landing place under the castle. Presently a party of ladies and gentlemen issued from the vestibule of the old mansion and crossing the lawn, descended the bank of the rabbit-warren and stepped aboard. The party consisted of the Captain and Kate, Randall and Mrs. Barry, Mr. Lee, Mr. Guirkie and Father Brennan. After a few minutes the latter came ashore, and waving his hat in adieu, the little Water Hen moved off gently from the wharf. She had not cleared it a cable's length, however, when a brown water spaniel, followed by a tall old gray haired man, in a long skirted coat, was seen running down to the beach. The old man kept waving his hand as he hobbled along, but the dog who had reached the shore before him, sprang into the water and made for the little vessel, howling most piteously as he buffeted the waves. The yacht hove to for a moment, the dog was lifted aboard, and then the old man apparently satisfied with what had taken place, fell on his knees and with uplifted hands seemed to pray fervently for a happy voyage.

"Next day the Water Hen returned, but none of the party was seen to step ashore but Kate and the Captain. Where the others went to, no one here can tell. It is generally surmised, however, that the United States was their destination, and that Lanty Hanlon and his winsome wife, Mary Kelly of the black hair, went out with them, having been snugly ensconced under the Water Hen's hatches before she weighed anchor on the evening of her departure from Castle Gregory.

"Rodger O'Shaughnessy, now too infirm to venture on so long a voyage, remains at the castle at his old occupation. Once or twice a week he burnishes up the old silver salver as usual, and tells how often it has served wine to the lads and ladies at Castle Talbot.

"With respect to Ephraim C. R. Weeks—he was never seen but once after the trial, and that was at the Liverpool Packet Office in Derry. A friend of mine who was present at the time, assures me, he did nothing but curse Ireland 'and all the darn'd Irish in it' from the time he entered the office to buy his ticket till he left it. He swore 'you couldn't find such a tarnation set of varmint in all almighty creation, and when he got t'other side of the big pond, if he worn't agoin to give them jesaie in the newspapers,' and so lighting a cigar," adds my friend, "he took his valise in the one hand and umbrella in the other and started for the boat."

THE END.

### Evening Hours.

The human heart has hidden treasures,  
In secret kept, in silence sealed;  
The thoughts, the hopes, the dreams, the pleasures,  
Whose charms were broken, if revealed.  
And days may pass in gay confusion,  
And nights in noisy riot fly,  
While, lost in fame's or wealth's illusion,  
The memory of the past may die.

But there are hours of lonely musing,  
Such as in the evening silence come,  
When soft as birds their pinions closing,  
The heart's best feelings gather home.  
Then, in our souls there seems to languish  
A tender grief that is not woe;  
And thoughts that once wrung groans of anguish,  
Now cause some melting tears to flow.

And feelings, once as strong as passions,  
Float softly back—a faded dream;  
Our own sharp griefs and wild sensations,  
The taste of other's suffering seem;  
Oh! when the heart is freshly bleeding,  
How it longs for that time to be,  
When through the mist of years receding,  
Its woes but live in reverie.

And it can dwell on moonlight glimmer,  
On evening shades and loneliness,  
And while the sky grows dim and dimmer,  
Heed no untold woes of distress—  
Only a deeper impulse given  
By lonely hour and darkened room,  
To solemn thoughts that soar to heaven,  
Seeking a life and world to come.

Car. Bell.

## Miscellanea.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

**THE SIGNS OF PREDESTINATION.**—If we can know nothing about the future, we can at least know a great deal about the present. In spiritual matters God is pleased to instruct His Church by His Saints, and the Church, before canonizing them, sets her seal upon their writings. Now the saints mention things, which they call the signs of predestination. This means something more than that they are symptoms of our being at present in a state of grace and the way of holiness. It means that they are to a certain extent prophecies of the future, not infallibly true but spontaneously hopeful. It means that they are the sort of things to be expected in the elect, and not to be expected in others; things essential to the elect, and which through all the centuries of the Church have distinguished the elect. Hence if we find all, many, or a few of them, in ourselves, we are legitimately entitled to proportionate consolation. They are, the imitation of Christ, devotion to our Blessed Lady, works of mercy, love of prayer, self distrust, the gift of faith, and past mercies from God. We must also bear in mind of all these things, that it is not the plenary possession of them which counts with God, and so is a sign of predestination, but the earnest desire of them and the sincere endeavor after them. What wonder that theologians should make the number of the saved so large, and the Saint of Geneva almost doubt if any Catholics were lost!

Dr. Faber.

**DISCIPLINE OF THE MIND.**—It is not by mere study, by mere accumulation of knowledge, that you can hope for eminence. Mental discipline, the exercise of the faculties of the mind, the quickening of your apprehension, the strengthening of your memory, the forming of a sound, rapid and discriminating judgment, are of even more importance than the store of learning. Practice the economy of time. Consider time like the faculties of your mind, a precious estate; that every moment of it well applied is put to an exorbitant interest. The zeal of amusement itself, and the successful result of application, depend, in a great measure, upon the economy of time. Estimate also the force of habit. Exercise a constant, and unremitting vigilance of acquirement of habit, in matters that are apparently of indifference—that perhaps are really so, independent of the habits that they engender. It is by the neglect of such trifles that bad habits are acquired, and that the mind by total negligence and procrastination in matters of small account but frequent occurrence—matters of which the world takes no notice—becomes accustomed to the same defects in matter of high importance. By motives yet more urgent, by higher and purer aspirations, by the duty of obedience to the will of God, by the awful account you will have to render not merely of moral actions, but of faculties entrusted to you for improvement—by all these high arguments do I conjure you “so to number your days that you may apply your heart unto wisdom,” unto that wisdom which, directing your ambition to the noble end of benefitting mankind, and teaching humble reliance on the merits and on the mercy of your Redeemer, may support you in the “time of your wealth;” and in “the hour of death, and in the day of judgment,” may comfort you with the hope of deliverance.

Sir Robert Peel.

**WASHINGTON'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMAN CATHOLICS OF THE UNITED STATES, 1790.**—As mankind become more liberal, they will be more apt to allow, that all those who conduct themselves as worthy members of the community are equally entitled to the protection of civil government. I hope ever to see America among the foremost nations in examples of justice and liberality. And I presume that your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their revolution, and the establishment of their government—or the important assistance which they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed. *Life of Washington*, p. 197.

**LOUIS NAPOLEON'S FAITH IN A DESTINY.**—The idea of a destiny, and his having a mission to perform, was throughout a fixed one in Louis Napoleon's mind. No disasters shook his confidence in his star, or his belief in the ultimate fulfilment of his destiny. This is well known to all who were intimate with him in this country after he returned from America, in 1837. Among other noble houses, the hospitality of which he shared, was that of the Duke of Montrose, at Buchanan, at Loch Lomond, and the Duke of Hamilton, at Brodrick Castle, in the island of Arran. His manner in both was, in general, grave and taciturn; he was wrapt in the contemplation of the future, and indifferent to the present. In 1839, the present Earl of W——, then Lord B——, came to visit the author, after being some days with Louis Napoleon at Buchanan House. One of the first things he said was, "Only think of that young man, Louis Napoleon; nothing can persuade him he is not to be Emperor of France; the Straaburg affair has not in the least shaken him; he is constantly thinking of what he is to do when on the throne." The Duke of N—— also said to the author, in 1854, "Several years ago, before the Revolution of 1848, I met Louis Napoleon often at Brodrick Castle, in Arran. We frequently went out to shoot together; neither cared much for the sport, and we soon sat down on a heathery brow of Goatfell, and began to speak seriously. He always opened the conferences by discoursing on what he would do when he was Emperor of France. Among the other things, he said he would obtain a grant from the Chambers to drain the marshes of the Bries, which, you know, once fully cultivated, became flooded when the inhabitants, who were chiefly Protestants, left the country on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes; and, what is very curious, I see in the newspapers of the day that he has got a grant of two millions of francs from the Chambers to begin the draining of these very marshes." All that belongs to Louis Napoleon is now public property, and those noble persons will forgive the author if he endeavors to rescue from oblivion anecdotes so eminently illustrative of the fixity of purpose which is the most remarkable feature in that very eminent man's character.

*Alison.*

**MISNOMERS OF THE DAY.—**

Miss Fortune's no fortune at all,  
Miss Rich cannot muster a guinea,  
Miss Little's a little too tall,  
Miss Wise is completely a ninny.  
Miss Black is as white as the snow,  
Miss Green is as red as a cherry,  
Miss Brown is rather greenish or so,  
Whilst Miss White is as brown as a berry.

Miss Inchbald's a fine head of hair,  
Miss Hare has got none on her noddle;  
Miss Young is old, wrinkled, and spare,  
Miss Lightbody scarcely can waddle;  
Miss Heavyside bounds like a roe,  
Miss Wild is grave, dull and uncheery;  
Miss Still is accounted the go,  
And Miss Grave is excessively merry.

Miss Sharp has got blunt, as they say,  
Miss Dark is prodigiously bright;  
Miss Night has been turned into day,  
And Miss Day is to marry a knight.  
Then here is a health to them all,  
Good luck to them sleeping and waking;  
If 'tis wrong a fair maid to Mis-call,  
Yet there's surely no sin in Miss-taking.

**FREDERICK THE GREAT** saw one day from his window, a number of people reading a paper that was pasted up, and directed one of his pages to see what were its contents. The page, on his return, told him that it was a satirical writing against himself. "It is too high," said he, "go and take it down, and place it lower, that they may read it more at their ease."

**THE HOUSE OF SAMUEL ROGERS.**—For more than half a century a small house in a quiet nook of London has been the recognized abode of taste, and the envied resort of wit, beauty, learning and genius. There, surrounded by the choicest treasures of art, and in a light reflected from Guidos and Titians, have sat and mingled in familiar converse the most eminent poets, painters, actors, artists, critics, travelers, historians, warriors, orators and statesmen of two generations. Under that roof celebrities of all sorts, matured or budding, and however contrasted in genius or pursuit, met as on the table land where, according to D'Alembert, Archimedes and Homer may stand on a perfect footing of equality. The man of mind was introduced to the man of action, and modest merit, which had yet its laurels to win, was first brought acquainted with the patron who was to push its fortunes, or with the hero whose name sounded like a trumpet note. It was in that dining-room that Erskine told the story of his brief, and Grattan that of his last duel; that the "Iroh Duke" described Waterloo as a "battle of giants;" that Chantrey, placing his hand on a mahogany pedestal, said, "Mr. Rogers, do you remember a workman at five shillings a day who came in at that door to receive orders for this work? I was that workman." It was there, too, that Byron's intimacy with Moore commenced over the famous mess of potatoes and vinegar; that M<sup>me</sup> de Staël, after a triumphant argument with Mackintosh, was (as recorded by Byron) "well ironed" by Sheridan, that Sydney Smith, at dinner with Walter Scott, Campbell, Moore, Wordsworth and Washington Irving, declared that he and Irving, if the only prose writers, were not the only prosers in the company.

It was through that window, opening to the floor and leading through the garden to the park, that the host started with Sheridan's gifted grand-daughter on "The Winter's Walk" which she has so gracefully and feelingly commemorated. It was in the library above, that Wordsworth, holding up the original contract for the copyright of *Paradise Lost* (1600 copies for £5), proved to his own entire satisfaction that solid fame was in an inverse ratio to popularity; whilst Coleridge, with his finger upon the parchment deed by which Dryden agreed for the translation of the *Æneid*, expatiated on the advantages which would have accrued to literature, if "glorious John" had selected the *Iliad* and left Virgil to Pope. Whilst these and similar scenes are passing, we can fancy the host murmuring his well-known lines—

"Be mine to listen; pleased, but not elate,  
Ever too modest or too proud to rate  
Myself by my companions, self-compell'd  
To earn the station that in life I held."

This house, rich as it was in varied association, was only completed in 1801 or 1802; but the late owner's intimacy with men and women of note goes back to a long antecedent period. He had been, some years before, proposed at Johnson's club, as it is denominated still—by Fox, seconded by Windham, and (as he fully believed) black-balled by Malone. He had met Condorcet at Lafayette's table in 1789. In the course of a single Sunday at Edinburgh in the same eventful year, he had breakfasted with Robertson, heard him preach in the forenoon, and Blair in the afternoon, taken coffee with the Piozzis, and supped with Adam Smith.

*Edinburgh Review.*

MISS BREMER beautifully expresses a good wife's duty: "If you will learn the seriousness of life, and its beauty also, live for your husband; be like the nightingale to his domestic life; be to him like the sunbeams between the trees; unite yourself inwardly to him; be guided by him; *make him happy*; and then you will understand what is the best happiness of life, and will acquire, in your own eyes, a worth with God and with man."

A TENNESSEE paper talks of a chap at Holly Springs who was so astonished at seeing a lady bring music from her piano, that after listening for a moment or two he withdrew his head and hallooed after his companion—"I say, Jim, jist come here; tarnation if here ain't a woman pulling music out of her chist!"

**HOW TO BE HAPPY.**—I will give you two or three good rules, says a distinguished writer, which may help you to become happier than you would be without knowing them; but as to being completely happy, that you can never be till you get to heaven.

The first is, "Try your best to make others happy." "I never was happy," said a certain king, "till I began to take pleasure in the welfare of my people; but ever since then, in the darkest day, I have had sunshine in my heart."

My second rule is, "Be content with little." There are many good reasons for this rule, "better is little, with the fear of God, than great treasures and trouble therewith." Two men were determined to be rich, but they set about it in different ways; the one strove to raise up his means to his desires, while the other did his best to bring down his desires to his means. The result was, the one who coveted much was always re-pining, while he who desired but little was always contented.

My third rule is, "Look on the sunny side of things."

Look up with hopeful eyes,  
Though all things seem forlorn;  
The sun that sets to-night will rise  
Again to-morrow morn.

The skipping lamb, the singing lark, and the leaping fish tell us that happiness is not confined to one place. God, in his goodness, has spread it abroad on the earth, in the air, and in the waters. Two aged women lived in the same cottage; one was always fearing a storm and the other always looking for sunshine. Hardly need I say which it was wore a forbidding frown, or which it was whose face was lightened with joy.

**LIFE A LIBRARY.**—Life is a library, composed of several volumes. With some, those volumes are richly gilt; with others quite plain. Of its several volumes, the first is a Child's Book, full of pretty pictures; the second is a School Book, blotted, inked, and dog's-eared; the next is a Thrilling Romance, full of love, hope, ruin and despair, winding up with a marriage with the most beautiful heroine that ever was; then, there is the House-keeper's Book, with the butchers' and bakers' bills increasing every year; after that come the Day-Book and Ledger, swelling out into a series of many volumes, presenting a rare fund of varied information, and jingling like a cash box with money; these are followed up with a grave History, solemnly travelling over the events of the past, with many wise deductions and grave warnings; and last of all comes the Child's Book again, with its pages rather soiled, and its pictures by no means so bright as they used to be. To the above library is sometimes added the banker's book, and only to be met with in the richest collections.

**A SWARM OF BEES.**—B patient, B prayerful, B humble, B mild,  
B wise as a Solon, B meek as a child,  
B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B kind,  
B sure you make matter subservient to mind.  
B cautious, B prudent, B trustful, B true;  
B courteous to all men, B friendly with few;  
B temperate in argument, pleasure, and wine;  
B careful of conduct, of money, of time.  
B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, B firm,  
B peaceful, benevolent, willing to learn;  
B courageous, B gentle, B liberal, B just,  
B aspiring, B humble, *because* thou art dust;  
B penitent, circumspect, sound in the faith;  
B active, devoted; B faithful till death;  
B honest, B holy, transparent and pure;  
B dependent, B Saint-like, and you'll B secure.

**POVERTY** is the nurse of manly energy and heaven-climbing thoughts, attended by love, and faith, and hope, around whose steps the mountain breezes blow, and from whose countenance all the virtues gather strength. Look around you upon the distinguished men in every department of life who guide and control the times, and inquire what was their origin and what was their early fortunes. Were they, as a general rule, rocked and dandled in the lap of wealth?

## Review of Current Literature.

1. **THE LIFE OF THE VENERABLE SERVANT OF GOD, MONSEIGNEUR DUMOULIN BORIE,** Bishop of Acanthus, Vicar Apostolic of Western Tonquin, martyr. By *Augustine Francis Hewit*. New York: P. O'Shea. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

No works contribute more to strengthen our faith and enkindle our devotion, than those which exhibit to our view the lives and actions of the faithful servants of God. Example has a powerful influence over us, even in our maturer years. When we see those who have gone before us becoming saints in the discharge, it may be, of the very avocations of life, which we are called on to discharge; when we see them strewing the pathway that leads to heaven with the flowers of every virtue, how great is the incentive they hold out to us to follow in their footsteps. In reading their lives we become familiar with the fact, which we sometimes forget, that they were men like ourselves, subject to the same trials, the same passions, the same temptations; and that if they became saints, it was not because they had any prerogatives superior to those possessed by ourselves, but because they possessed and practised superior virtues. They have bequeathed to us the legacy of their example; they have left behind them their footprints in the desert of life, and sweetly invite us to follow therein if we would gain the crown that awaits us on the shores of a blissful eternity.

We were led to these reflections from the perusal of the interesting and edifying life of the illustrious Dumoulin Borie, who, even in our own day, gloriously confirmed the doctrines he taught by the effusion of his blood, and obtained a martyr's crown as the reward of his heroism and his faith. The trials and sufferings endured by the holy martyr and his companions, in their noble efforts to spread the light of Christianity among the benighted inhabitants of the Celestial Empire, are conveyed in a style at once pleasing and entertaining. But the chief object of Father Hewit in preparing the work seems to have been to awaken the attention of the Catholic body of this country to the importance of the Catholic Missions—a subject that cannot be too strongly urged upon the attention of Catholics, at all times, and in every locality.

2. **SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.** By the Rev. *Titus Joslin*. New York: P. O'Shea. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The little volume presents us with a collection of the choicest gems from the life of the Immaculate Queen of Heaven. It is intended especially for children, and its perusal cannot fail but to inspire their youthful hearts with love, respect and veneration for that amiable mother, and unite them more closely to her maternal heart.

3. **THE PARADISE OF THE SOUL.** By *James Merlo Horstius*; a new translation. New York: P. O'Shea. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is another work from the same publishers, and embodies a most excellent devotion to the Most Holy Trinity. The prayers, instructions and meditations contained in it cannot be too highly recommended.

4. **MANUAL OF PIETY** for the use of Seminaries. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The object of this excellent little book is to aid the inmates of Seminaries to enter fully into the spirit of their rule, and to facilitate for them the practice of their daily exercises. It is admirably adapted to the end for which it is designed—containing a series of prayers, meditations, precepts and instructions, all tending to mould the mind and heart of the young aspirant to the sanctuary to the practise of those exalted virtues, which should adorn him, when he is called to stand at the altar of religion.

5. **THE O'BRIENS AND THE O'FLAHERTYS:** a National Tale, in two volumes. By *Lady Morgan*. Annotated by *R. Shelton Mackenzie*, D. C. L. New York: Redfield. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The national tales of Lady Morgan carry the reader through the darkest period of Irish history. They point disapprovingly to the sanguinary statutes framed and en-



forced by British rule against the Catholics of Ireland—to the period when the exercise of Catholicity was held as a crime, the education of Catholic children a misdemeanor—when the son of a Catholic was encouraged by law to betray his father, and the child rewarded by the ruin of his parent—when the house of God was declared a public nuisance; the priest proclaimed an outlaw; the acquisition of property by Catholics prohibited; the exercise of trades restrained; the Irish Catholic excluded from office or occupation in the state, the law, the army and municipal bodies—when the Catholic priest from his hiding place heard it proclaimed, “if a Catholic clergyman happens, *though inadvertently*, to celebrate marriage between a Catholic and a Protestant not previously married by a Protestant minister, he is liable by law to suffer death.”

Though we are compelled to admire the boldness with which the fair authoress denounces the persecution of the Catholics of Ireland, and the flashes of her wit, still we would be very far from giving her works a general recommendation. They possess, beneath a fascinating style, passages of coarse morality, which render them objectionable, especially for the young.

6. **LITTLE DORRIT.** By *Charles Dickens*. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The name of the author is sufficient recommendation to this work. Few writers of fiction ever exhibited more intimate knowledge of human nature than Charles Dickens. Scott, Fielding, and others, have studied man in particular phases, but Dickens seems to have studied man in his general character. He shows himself familiarly acquainted with the secret springs of the human heart, and analyses its affections, its passions and its desires, with the utmost precision. His writings, moreover, are pure and elevated in their tone; he uses the form of fiction merely as a pleasing medium of conveying moral and philanthropic instruction. *Little Dorrit* is equal in style, in purity and in entertainment to any of his former writings, partaking largely of that beauty of conception and those deep touches of nature for which his works are so remarkable.

7. **DICKENS' LITTLE FOLKS.** New York: Redfield. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is a series of charming little books, suitable for youth, selected from the works of the same celebrated author; they are six in number. The first is from the “*Pickwick Papers*,” under the title of “*The Boy Joe and Sam Weller*.” “*Sissy Jupe*” and “*The Two Daughters*” are two exceedingly interesting stories. The fourth of the series, and perhaps the most entertaining, is “*Tiny, Tim and Dot, and the Fairy Cricket*,” from the “*Christmas Stories*.” “*Dame Durden*,” and “*Dolly Varden, the Little Coquette*,” complete the series.

We know of but few books of the kind, apart from those that are Catholic, which we can more freely recommend. They are entertaining, moral and instructive.

8. **ROZELLA OF LACONIA; or, the Legends of the White Mountains.** By *J. W. Scribner*. Boston: James French & Co.

This is a spirited and well written Indian story, abounding in thrilling incidents. The scene is laid in the vicinity of the White Mountains, and at a period when the early settlers were exposed to the attacks and fearful incursions of the savages.

A family of several persons is made captive by the Indians and led into the depth of the wilderness, and after enduring a long and painful captivity, the sufferers are rescued by their friends, under circumstances that awaken the deepest interest.

The book, however, is marred and deprived of all its merits in the estimation of every lover of truth, by the introduction of several passages casting the foulest imputations on the moral character of the Catholic missionaries who labored among the Indians on the borders of Canada about the period in which the author has laid his plot. The story he tells us about “*Father Ralle*” endeavoring to force a young Protestant lady, one of those captured by the Indians, to go to confession to him and then marry one of the chiefs, and on her refusal to order her to be bound in chains and cast into the dungeon beneath the chapel, is a sheer fabrication, an invention of his own perverted imagination. The slightest inquiry into Catholic principles and practices would have informed

the author that Catholic priests have never in the history of religion attempted to coerce any one to confession, not even their own, much less those who differ from them in belief. Confession, to be of any avail, must be voluntary.

But the truth or falsehood of the matter, we apprehend, was of little concern to Mr. Scribner. It is fashionable, particularly at the present time, to misrepresent Catholicity, to defame our clergy, to traduce our doctrines; and it would seem that no work is acceptable—not even an Indian story, with all its exciting materials, is considered readable, unless it is well seasoned with anti-Catholic sentiments; unless the pope is abused, bishops and priests slandered, sisters and nuns maligned, and our religious tenets ridiculed and scoffed at.

9. *FACA: an Army Memoir.* By *Major March*. From the same publishers.

This is a badly written sea-faring story, without plot and without interest. Its language is coarse, and even profane. Like the above work, it has an under-current of hostility to Catholicity. A mutiny, or rather a conspiracy takes place on board the ship, and a Catholic priest is made the leading character among the conspirators. The following short extract will be sufficient to reveal the character of the book:

"The design of the conspirators was to poison all the officers—this was the Jesuit's proposition. The ex-doctor reported that in his search after brandy among the medical stores, he took up a bottle labeled 'poison,' and the priest seized upon the idea."

That such a depraved taste should exist, reflects but little credit upon the community by which it is sustained, and discreditable alike to the authors and publishers who cater to such taste, for the sake of a little filthy lucre.

10. *ELEMENTS OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY—ANALYTICAL, SYNTHETICAL AND PRACTICAL.* By *Hubbard Winslow*, author of *Intellectual Philosophy*. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Not trusting to our own philosophical acumen, and fearful of expressing our judgment in matters we have been accustomed to consider above us, we gave this work to a friend more conversant with its subject, and from his testimony can say it is more harmless than any work that he has read which claims a Protestant for its author. He admired indeed the absence of all prejudice, which so often disfigures the scientific works of Protestants; but farther than that he could not think of praising it. For ourselves, we had been taught that moral philosophy and theology are two different sciences—the former of which is the handmaid of the latter, having its habitation in man as a being whose very nature required of him certain *manners*; according to which, by that freedom of action which his will possessed, he might fashion himself, as he thought best, but still in all be accountable, because he is possessed of reason, the ruler and guide of his will. We were confirmed in this by the testimony of a St. Paul, who did not require a knowledge of revelation, or as we call it, of theology, in the Gentiles, who "not having the law are a law to themselves: who shew the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience bearing witness unto them, and their thoughts between themselves accusing or also defending one another."—*Rom. ii, 14*. The reference, therefore, continually made to revelation, which is under the domain of theology, we thought altogether wrong in a professedly philosophical work, and this gave us but a poor idea of Mr. Winslow's philosophy. The slur, too, at "metaphysical speculations and logical deductions," which he gives in his preface, confirmed us in the opinion that nothing truly satisfactory could be derived from the perusal of his work, even if we felt otherwise disposed to enter on such a labor. It was like the mechanic throwing aside with contempt the instruments of his trade and expecting to create a master-piece of workmanship. Hence the discursive method, which Mr. Winslow adopts, although more pleasing to the fancy, is not so satisfactory to the reason as the metaphysical and logical, which he rejects, and on this account prevents us from giving him a more favorable notice. That philosophy is certainly undeserving the name which is afraid of speculation or logical deduction, and betrays in its very face the unsatisfactory nature of its foundations, and should, therefore, be rejected as an imposture.

11. *THE METROPOLITAN CATHOLIC ALMANAC AND LAITY'S DIRECTORY* for the year of our Lord 1857. Baltimore: Lucas Brothers.

We have received from the publishers a copy of this useful annual, containing its usual amount of valuable current and statistical information.

## Editors' Table.

"WHAT, Father Carroll! you do not intend to insert this article—'The Irish in America?'"—said Mr. Oliver, holding up the document, and looking earnestly across the table.

"Why not? Mr. Oliver. Has it any thing in it against morals or religion?"

"Certainly not. On the contrary, it breathes a spirit of mildness and charity, in happy unison with the religion of its distinguished author. The views, moreover, which it maintains, are so conservative and so consistent with reason and justice, that the most captious, we feel assured, cannot find in it cause for offence. But you know, that since we have had charge of the Magazine we have uniformly avoided the insertion of any article touching this subject, not being willing to be drawn into the discussion of a topic which has aroused so much bitter feeling in the country."

"True, Mr. Oliver, we have been conservative. Our course has uniformly been to edify and instruct, to inculcate harmony, and peace, and fraternal charity among the members of the Christian family, rather than to throw among them the most distant elements of strife or discord. But I do not conceive, that we will be drawn from our course, by giving place to the article in question, emanating as it does from a source so worthy of our esteem. On the contrary, it will tend to calm the troubled waters, rather than excite the angry surge. It has the merit of an honest attempt, at least, to close the agitation of a subject, 'from the discussion of which, no good has arisen.'"

"And none likely to arise"—added O'Moore, who had not previously taken part in the conversation. "My poor countrymen, God bless them! what is to become of them?" continued O'Moore, as he carelessly turned the leaves of a book before him. "Forced by poverty and oppression to leave the soil of their fathers, and to fight life's battle among strangers in strange lands, they seem, in those latter days, to be unwelcome visitors the world over. But unfortunately, Father Carroll, the Irish have faults! great, astounding faults; faults unknown to the rest of mankind. They love their religion, the love Old Ireland, and they tell us so. This is their unpardonable offence!"

"Yes, Mr. O'Moore," replied Father Carroll. "This seems to be a sufficient cause for offence on the part of some. The Irish love the soil that gave them birth; they love it fondly; 'In their dreams they revisit its sea-beaten shore,' and in waking they love to talk over the scenes of by-gone days; scenes fraught with so many fond associations. They love the spot—it rises fresh in their memories after long years of absence—where they dwelt in childhood; where they sported in youth; where they learned the religion of their fathers; where they stood, when they waved the last adieu to parents, to friends and kindred, on parting from their own native isle to seek a home and shelter among strangers. It is no wonder if they look back to the soil that calls up so many sad and pleasing emotions. The love of country is a sacred principle, indelibly impressed by the hand of the Creator on the heart of man. No matter how rugged, how inhospitable, or how ill governed, his native soil may be, still he loves it; and other things equal, he prefers it to any other land on the earth."

"The Irish love their country, and God forbid that we should wish to deprive them, even if it were in our power, of a right, which they share in common with the rest of the human race. But here let me ask, who among us has been wronged; who has received the slightest injury in his person or property by the love they bear to their native land? Has a single institution of our country been weakened by the love they cherish for the soil of their birth? Has the intensity, if you please, of their love for Ireland, in a single instance detracted from their loyalty as American citizens, or from their fidelity as Catholics? or has it caused them in the hour of trial, to dishonor the flag of their adopted country, or to swerve from the precepts of their religion? Has it detracted from their merits as men, in any of the social relations of life, or rendered them untrustworthy in any of the civil positions which have been committed to their keeping?"

Let the history of the country answer these interrogatories. Its ample page will disclose to view a long list of Ireland's distinguished sons, who have reflected honor on their adopted country; who have guided her armies to victory, and carried her flag in triumph on the ocean; and who have stood conspicuous in her national councils; while the Cross that is reflected from a thousand spires, adorning every hill-top and valley in the country, and marking the spot as a house of prayer, bears ample testimony that the 'Irish in America,' be their love of native isle ever so intense, have lost none of their fervor or zeal for the honor of the religion of their fathers! And if they will assemble on the return of the festival of Ireland's national Saint, even here beneath the broad blaze of freedom, and make merry, and sing and talk of the wrongs of their country, and whisper a prayer for her emancipation from mis-rule and injustice, it is not incompatible with their duty as good citizens and good Catholics. It is not inconsistent with their loyalty to their adopted country, nor in conflict with a single obligation they owe to the State, to society, or to their Church.

"If, then, no wrong has been committed, or injury sustained by their love for their country, or from those national characteristics which time alone must remove, why has the question of their dwelling among us been broached at all? and why has it been made the subject of discussion, especially among Catholics? Reproach them for their faults, but coin not imaginary crimes, and then hurl your denunciations against the baseless fabric.

"In the natural order, the faithful wife leaves the parental roof to dwell with the stranger of her choice; she plights to her husband her heart and affections, and clings to his fortunes under every vicissitude; but she loses not the love which nature has planted in her bosom for the parents she left behind. She still rejoices with their joy, and weeps with their sorrow, while the fidelity to the partner of her life remains unimpaired. So with our adopted citizens. They renounce all civil allegiance to the governments wielded over the land of their birth, and solemnly pledge their support to the land of their adoption; to obey her laws, to uphold her institutions, and to sustain the honor of her flag; but they are neither asked nor required to sever those spontaneous affections, which arise in their hearts for the soil of their nativity. And indeed, I would trust but slightly the fidelity of that man as a citizen of this commonwealth, whose heart warms not with affection for his native country. If he bears in his bosom no sentiments of affectionate regard, no patriotic aspirations, no filial devotion for the land of his birth, depend upon it, he will cherish none towards the soil of his adoption.

"The spirit of our institutions forbids all distinction among our citizens, except that which merit creates: the chart of our rights recognizes no man by his country. Neither does the Catholic Church reckon her children by nations; their nationality is absorbed in their Catholicity. In this there is a beautiful parallel between the laws of our country and the genius of Catholicity. The one teaches the members of the political family to recognize each other by no other distinction than that of fellow citizen: the other, with maternal tenderness, enjoins on her children, no matter what may be their country or their condition, to regard each other as brothers; to know each other only by the endearing names of fellow-Catholic, fellow-Christian. While, therefore, we are enjoined by the example of the State and the voice of religion, to banish for ever all those distinctions which difference of country might create among our citizens as dangerous to the commonwealth, it is folly—it is little less than insanity—for us as individuals to generate and foster different sentiments.

"But it is the close of the year. Let the past be forgotten. Let the bright page of its good deeds alone be remembered—let its follies be buried in the grave of oblivion. The New Year dawns upon us. As we enter it, let us shake from our feet the dust of past follies. Let not the bright page of '57, that lies open before us, be soiled by a single element which would breathe discord among us as citizens, or dissension as Catholics." At the conclusion of these remarks by Father Carroll, Mr. Oliver and O'Moore united in the declaration, that they expressed the sentiments of every right minded American citizen, whatever be his country or his creed.

"But, gentlemen," said O'Moore, drawing his chair up to the table, "our readers must have something in the way of poetry to begin the year with. Well, here's the very piece for the season," he added, as he read the following lines:

TO THE NEW YEAR.

A messenger of good and ill  
 Thou comest, new-born year!  
 Crying aloud in thunder tones,  
 Though few thy voice will hear.  
 The youth in sportive mood beholds  
 Thy advent: in thy mien  
 He sees the bloom of his own age,  
 That griefless yet hath been.  
 The heart that roams in earthly bliss,  
 Salutes thee too a friend:  
 For fancy revels in the joys  
 That may thy course attend.  
 E'en they who here are doomed to drink  
 Affliction's bitterest cup,  
 Greet thee: thy flight but speeds the hour  
 To yield their spirit up.  
 But dark delusion mocks the hope,  
 That thus thy mission bends  
 To earth and present vanity,  
 Denying thy nobler ends.  
 Thou art, indeed, a child of time,  
 And brief thy mortal span;  
 Yet thou begett'st eternity  
 For weal or woe of man.

"Permit me, Mr. O'Moore," said Father Carroll, "to present the following selection. It is suggestive of many salutary reflections. The *past* is gone, never to be recalled. It has borne with it the record of our merits, our follies, and crimes, to register them for or against us, when time shall be no more. The *present* only is ours. The *future*! delusive future! Who can count upon thy coming!"

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

As on the rugged mountain's topmost height  
 The wearied traveller turns awhile to gaze,  
 Viewing below the landscape's gladdening sight,  
 On smiling fields and nature's peaceful ways:  
 So the fond memory of departed years,  
 When time's receding current man beholds,  
 To things of earth his troubled heart endears,  
 And brighter visions of the Past unfolds.

What of the Present? In meridian glow  
 Soon to its zenith shall life's sun attain;  
 For the great reaper death's unerring blow  
 In ripened age now droops the golden grain;  
 When at thy feet the gathered harvest lies,  
 And death his spoil is garnering away,  
 A still small voice within thee whispering, cries,  
 "'Tis harvest time: what hast thou gleaned to-day?"

O'er mountain top and lowly valley creeps  
 The gloomy terror of night's darksome shade;  
 Life's sun hath set; the way-worn traveller sleeps,  
 While in oblivion Past and Present fade:  
 But to his waking view the beauteous sight  
 Shall from the risen sun enchantments borrow;  
 The brighter day succeeding darkest night,  
 Weep then no more: Joy cometh with the morrow!"

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Oliver, "that I might not be thought discourteous to the muse, so near the close of the year, accept the following from our friend, Mr. W., who has so frequently favored us with his contribution. It neither refers to the past nor the future; but I think its caption might be freely translated 'Take time by the horns, and make the best of it!'"

"CARPE DIEM."—*Respectfully inscribed to H. T. B.*

Time is flying swift, my lad!  
                   Carpe diem, Hugh!  
 Let no sorrow make you sad,  
                   Carpe diem, do;  
 You enjoy a good time now,  
       Dark and sad hours may ensue,  
 Wreath the sunshine 'round your brow,  
                   Carpe diem, do.

You are getting, though not old,  
       Gray hairs not a few,  
 You will soon be stiff, and cold,  
                   Carpe diem, do.  
 There is wine, and here's a bowl,  
       Fill the golden cup anew,  
 Drive the winter from your soul,  
                   Carpe diem, do.

Graves, my lad, will soon be made  
       For your friend and you,  
 Where all grief shall low be laid,  
                   Carpe diem, do.  
 Keep the ghastly grave away,  
       Hide, oh! hide the mournful yew,  
 Be alive, not dead—Hurrah!  
                   Carpe diem, do.

Carpe diem!—yes, but tell,  
       What shall be my view?  
 Make the words a Christian spell,  
                   Carpe diem, do.  
 Had he views—that heathen rake?  
       I have others, better, too,  
 Yes, for Virtue's own sweet sake,  
                   Carpe diem, do.

For some high and holy aim,  
       For the bright, the true,  
 Let us ever all proclaim  
                   Carpe diem, do.  
 Let us understand it well,  
       What it dictates, then pursue,  
 Fight for Heav'n, conquer Hell,  
                   Carpe diem, do.

M A. W

Wallingford, 1856.

## Record of Events.

*From November 20, to December 20, 1856.*

### FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ROME.—On the 16th of November the Holy Father left the Quirinal Palace to return to the Vatican, where extensive alterations and improvements have lately been made. The inhabitants of Rome expressed their extreme joy at the return of the venerable pontiff among them by the most sincere and affectionate demonstrations. The streets were decorated, and the houses hung with tapestry as on a grand festival, and in the evening the whole quarter was illuminated. And if during the day a question was asked of one of the inhabitants of the "Borgo," the cause of those demonstrations, the ready and delighted answer was that "the Holy Father is again among us;" thus proving that the traditional affection of this poor quarter of the city towards the Sovereign Pontiff, remains uncontaminated and unchanged by the disturbances of the last few years.—Since the departure of his Eminence Cardinal Brunelli, for his diocese, the Pope has appointed his Eminence Cardinal Santucci, his successor as Prefect of Studies. Cardinal Santucci was formerly, before being created a cardinal, Under Secretary of State and Secretary of the Congregation of Ecclesiastical Affairs. His nomination has been very well received.—It is gratifying to see that the financial condition of the government is favorable, compared with former years. The Holy Father recently gave an audience to the deputies of the provinces, and appealed to them for their support for settling the forthcoming budget. In concluding his address to them, His Holiness congratulated himself on being able to present to the commission a budget, the very small deficit of which gave reason to hope that a perfect balance might soon be expected. The weight of the budget for 1856, which has just been published, shows a deficit which does not amount to one-twentieth of the revenue of the Pontifical States. Subtracting the sinking of the debt and unforeseen expenses, there would be a surplus. The indirect taxes, especially the customs, exceed the expectations of the government by the returns already made, and by those they still promise. The sum of these results is eminently satisfactory, and speaks well for the real resources of the country.—By an arrangement lately effected with the cabinet of Vienna for the evacuation of a certain point of the Pontifical territory hitherto occupied by the Austrian troops, they have recrossed the Po to proceed to Padua. They are replaced by a detachment of the second Swiss regiment in the service of the Holy Father. Ancona and Bologna are now the only two points that continue to be occupied by the Austrians. Thus a combination has been effected by diminishing the corps of occupation, which lessens at the same time the expenses of the Pontifical administration.—The French general, Allouveau de Montréal, left Rome on the 13th of November for Civita Vecchia, and from thence he embarked for France. He was surrounded at the moment of his departure by officers, both of the French and Papal troops, who were anxious to show him the most marked expressions of respect and regret. His successor, Count de Goyon, is an aid-de-camp of the emperor, and is a man of fine commanding presence.—On Saturday, November 15th, St. Leopold's Day, the *fete* of his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke of Tuscany, was celebrated in the national Church of St. John of the Florentines, in the presence of the Tuscan legation. This fine church, which is familiar to many from its connection with the history of St. Philip Neri, was very fully attended by the Grand Duke's subjects in Rome, and many others of other nations, who wished to express their sense of the courtesy and kindness they had received from his court. In the evening the Marchese Bargagli gave a ball at the embassy,



at which all the notables of Roman Society, Italian and foreign, were present.—It is said that strangers are arriving in the city in great numbers; and among those who are announced to arrive shortly, is Queen Maria Christina of Spain, who it is thought is about to take a permanent residence in the Papal States.—F. Secchi, S. J., the celebrated astronomer, has recently published in Rome the “Memoirs of his Observations from the Roman College, 1852-’55.” His services to science are of European reputation, and are sufficient to disprove the calumny that the government of the Holy See discourages physical science. By the munificence of the Holy Father the observatory has been placed in the highest state of efficiency, and will bear comparison with any other in the world for the excellence of its arrangements and the ability of its conductors. F. Secchi published in the *Giornale* of the 13th October full particulars of the lunar eclipse, which was to take place that evening.

The famous palace of the Cancelleria has lately changed its occupants. It has been evacuated by the French troops who were quartered in it since 1849, and has been assigned to ten of the great ecclesiastical congregations for the use of their secretaries. This union of the different offices in one building, is said to be a measure of great convenience. “This palace,” says a correspondent of the *Tablet*, “is one of the remarkable monuments in Rome of the mutability of human affairs. When it was built Protestantism was unknown, and America was undiscovered; England was Catholic. When the Roman Parliament was convened by the Holy Father, in June, 1848, this palace was assigned to it, and became the centre of the hopes both of the sovereign and the people. In July, 1848, the mob burst in here, and extracted from the deputies the declaration of war against Austria. At the very vestibule, in Nov’r, 1848, Count Rossi, the first minister of the State, was assassinated, on his way to the Chambers. In this palace the Roman republic was decreed; and, since the return of the Pope, it has been occupied by French soldiers.”

**NAPLES.**—The affairs of this kingdom have undergone little or no change during the last month. The king has granted the pardon of a few political prisoners, but still maintains the high and independent position he assumed in reference to the threatened interference on the part of France and England. A royal decree has been issued authorizing the construction of a railway from Naples to the Gulf of Taranto.

**SPAIN.**—By a royal decree, the state of siege throughout Spain has been raised. General Narvaez still maintains his power, and exercises it with much judgment and tact. It is stated that recently Lord Howden paid a visit to Narvaez with a view of ascertaining the political programme of his cabinet. The General replied to his strange question by saying, that the cabinet would follow the policy that seemed to it best adapted to the interest of Spain. His Lordship after some moments silence, expressed a wish to have the answer in writing; to this the General replied: “Tell your Government to put the demand you have made of me, in writing, and I shall undertake to reply in writing.” It was rumored in Madrid, that the younger sons of Don Carlos are about to acknowledge the Queen of Spain, a matter that seems to give some uneasiness in political circles.—Despatches have been received at Madrid from Rome, which state that the conditions of reconciliation between Spain and the Holy See require, if not an absolute restoration of the Church property which has been sold, at least a large indemnity.—A republican movement was made at Malaga. The attempt was weak, and it was soon suppressed.

**FRANCE.**—The political news of this country is not important. The Emperor and Empress, with a select party, were to leave Paris for Fontainebleau.—A treaty of commerce has been concluded between France and the Sandwich Islands.—The monetary crisis had passed by and a vigorous reaction had taken place in French funds.

The *Uniters* contains an interesting account of a brilliant *fete* that recently took place at St. Paul-trois-Chateaux, the native town of Mgr. Sibour, Archbishop of Paris, on the occasion of the inauguration of the beautiful statue of the Immaculate Virgin, which

the faithful have placed at the entrance of their town, on one of the principal gateways, which is already named "the Gate of Our Lady." His grace, who has contributed to the erection of this pious monument, was pleased to come in and bless the statue. The whole population, and a numerous crowd from the adjoining localities, were assembled."

The French journal *L'Esperance* gives an account of the Synod of the diocese of Nancy and Toul since the last fifty years. Various circumstances have prevented these useful meetings; but now that religion enjoys more freedom, and that it is felt that without religion there cannot be order or security, the Church, resuming the ancient practice, met within the last few years in provincial councils; and now, in community with the ancient canons, and the known wish of the Holy Father, the bishop of Nancy and Toul called together the clergy of the diocese.

ENGLAND.—The British government, at the request of Mr. Fielding, of New York, has ordered a steamer to be fitted out under efficient officers, to examine the coasts of Ireland and Newfoundland, and across the Atlantic between these two countries, with a view of ascertaining the best place for laying and landing the submarine cable. The government has further agreed to guarantee four per cent. interest on the capital required to manufacture and lay down the cable between Newfoundland and Ireland. Contracts for the whole extent of the Atlantic cable were signed in London on Tuesday, the 19th ult., one-half to be manufactured by Messrs. W. Kuper, Glass & Co., of London, and the other by R. S. Nowell & Co., of Liverpool. It is all to be completed and placed on board of two steamers ready for sea on or before the 31st of May next, and by the 4th of July next it is confidently expected that Great Britain and the United States will be in telegraphic communication.—Lord Walpole, the son and heir of Lord Oxford, has recently been received into the Catholic Church by the Rev. Dr. Manning, at the Catholic chapel, Farm street, London. According to some statements, Lord Walpole has been a Catholic for some time, though the fact has not been made public until recently.—The moral condition of the great metropolis of England is very little above par, judging from a recent letter from the London correspondent of the *Boston Pilot*, who thus pictures the present state of things in that great city:

"I will wind up my letter by giving you the state of London at this moment. Garotting in the streets and burglary in houses, take place every night. Stabbing has become quite common; four of the Foreign Legion being tried for the crime at various police offices in one day. Starvation and suicides every day. Murders four or five per week. Railway accidents by collision every day. Enormous frauds constantly—one on the Great Northern Railway of England being discovered yesterday, which puts Robson's at the Crystal Palace in the shade; this was for some one hundred thousand dollars, but the fraud by Leopold Redpath on the Great Northern, is for one million dollars. Nice state of things for 'this great country,' as Lord Palmerston styles it, is it not?"

SCOTLAND.—The Right Rev. Dr. Gillis, Bishop of Edinburgh, lately preached a sermon at St. Mungo's church, Glasgow, in aid of the schools of St. Mungo's parish. The *Northern Times* contains the following interesting particulars concerning these schools:

"The scholars will be taught by the Marist Brothers, who have promised to send a colony from France in the course of next summer. It will cost about £2,400. There is a promise of a building grant from the Privy Council, amounting to £1,000. This is the first successful appeal to the Privy Council in behalf of a Scottish Catholic school. Notwithstanding generous contributions from the devout and fervent congregation of St. Mungo's, from a few friends at a distance, the zealous and indefatigable pastors still want over £500 of the sum required before they can profit by the Privy Council grant. The whole cost must be paid in cash (not with borrowed money) on receipt of the grant. The school is a lofty hall, seventy-four feet long by twenty-five, lighted from the roof, with ample play ground, and situated in a respectable and healthy locality."

*Catholic Reformatory in the West of Scotland.*—A deputation from the Glasgow Electoral Association recently called on his Lordship Bishop Murdoch to ascertain the views and wishes of that venerated prelate for their guidance and information with respect to

the proposed establishment of a Catholic Reformatory in Scotland. His Lordship received the deputation with his accustomed condescension and urbanity, and was pleased to intimate that the founding of so desirable an establishment had long occupied his anxious attention. He was already in communication with other bishops on the important subject, and would duly announce the result of the inquiry. He feared, however, as the establishment of such an institution would require eight or ten thousand pounds, it could not be immediately accomplished in his district for want of adequate funds.

**IRELAND.**—There is a scarcity of news from this country. The Tenant Right movement, which had remained dormant for some time, has been again revived in certain sections.—A meeting was recently held at Monaghan, of influential personages, with a view of considering the best means of having a railway constructed between the Derry and Enniskillen line at Fintona, and the Ulster Extension at Glasslogh.—The emigration still continues. Thousands of the lower and middle classes seem dissatisfied with their present condition, and show a disposition to try their fortunes in another land. Though a large number of those emigrating are bound for our own country, or Canada, still there is feeling rapidly increasing in favor of Australia.

**The Death of Mayor McNamara.**—The gallant and venerable McNamara recently died at an advanced age. We clip from our foreign file, the following in reference the lamented deceased: "He was the type of a race that dignified our country—generous of spirit, intrepid of heart, honest of purpose, associate of O'Connell, true to his country. The Irish gentleman whose life has just closed, lived in stormy periods of politics, and bore himself in them with the courage and dignity that became well his Irish blood and belonged to his noble and vigorous form. What he was as an advocate of popular liberty, the era of the emancipation of his fellow subjects can tell; and how firmly yet courageously he could face faction, and side with, to save the great object of its rancor, his bearing as second to O'Connell, in the duel which was meant to be deadly to him, but which only was fatal to their ill-starred champion D'Esterre, will prove, whilst the history of the struggle, of which this was a memorable but melancholy incident, is read and remembered."

**RUSSIA.**—Extensive internal improvements are about being made in Russia. The government has confirmed its grant of the "Russian Railways" to the *Credit Mobilier*, and the company have undertaken four different routes of new road. The first from St. Petersburg to Warsaw, repaying the government for the portion already constructed. The second, from Moscow to Theodosia. The third, from Moscow to Novogorod; and the fourth, from Kursk to the port of Libau. These lines must be completed in ten years, and the Russian government guarantees five per cent. One-third of the shares will be allotted to Russia. The shares will not be quoted on the Paris Bourse. The capital of the company is two hundred and seventy million silver roubles.

The Emperor is holding out very favorable terms for proselytes to the Greek Church. Turkish deserters and prisoners who pass over to the orthodox Greek Church are to be most especially favored. They will be exempt from the obrok and the poll tax, and other government taxes, from all contributions in kind, and also recruitment, to which they will not be liable for ten years. All such as make a settlement are free from all rates and taxes in general. Such as enter the peasant class of the crown estates will be aided to set up their domicile, half the sum to be paid to them as soon as they shall have received baptism; they are permitted to enlist for twenty-five years. Such as refuse to become Russian subjects are forthwith to be conducted beyond the frontier, in whatever direction they themselves desire. In like manner, those Turkish prisoners that are not willing to acknowledge the Russian Church are to be sent to Odessa, and delivered over to the Turkish government.

The Emperor has repealed the regulation that every child born to a soldier while in service should be the property of the army.

**DENMARK.**—The abdication of the King of Denmark is spoken of as an event shortly to take place. Thrones, it would seem, are less comfortable to their occupants than the world is generally aware of. The king of Denmark is unpleasantly situated between Russia, Prussia, Sweden, England and France. The real importance of all events which touch Denmark is derived from the claims of the House of Romanoff to the succession, in the event of certain far from improbable conjunctures. The interest of Europe, and especially of England, requires the restoration of the Union of Colmar between the three Scandinavian kingdoms, if it could be obtained without war. To divide and dictate to them, is the no less obvious policy of Russia.

**POLAND.**—His excellency, the Right Rev. Prince Chigi, ambassador from the Holy See to the Emperor of Russia, on his return from his embassy passed through Poland. The *Univers* thus speaks of the event: "Mgr. Chigi left St. Petersburg on October 16th and arrived at Warsaw on the 20th. His first halt was at Valcomin, a small town in Lithuania, where he was received and complimented by Mgr. the archbishop of Mohilew and the bishop of Samogitia, accompanied by the most distinguished ecclesiastics of their dioceses.

"Next morning after receiving the visits of the civil and military authorities, Mgr. Chigi repaired to the Catholic church, where a crowd of the faithful were waiting to assist at his mass and receive his blessing. He was received at the entrance by the bishop of Samogitia, surrounded by his clergy. Proceeding thence to the house of the marshal of the noblesse, who is a Catholic, he received the visits of a great number of personages of distinction, who, in spite of the unfavorable season, had come from great distances to express the joy which it would have given to the inhabitants of Wilna and Lithuania to have been honored by the presence of the representative of the Holy See. At all the stations on his route Mgr. Chigi was met by great crowds, preceded by the clergy, with banners and the cross. At their request he quitted his carriage, and surrounded by people who kneeled to kiss his hand, repaired to the nearest church to satisfy the wishes of those who invoked his blessing. Similar scenes took place at Knowne and Alexandrowski. At the gates of Warsaw the Papal envoy was met by an officer charged to inform him that the Villa Leczienski was prepared to receive him and his suite, and that General Abramostich was there to welcome him. Mgr. Chigi declined this mark of honor, as the villa being two miles distant from the city, he would have a difficulty in saying Mass, and would inconvenience the many persons who desired to visit him.

"At Warsaw he received the congratulations of the archbishop, of Mgr. Lubienski, suffragan of Wladislaw, of the greater part of the secular and regular clergy, of the governor, and other civil and military authorities, and a deputation of thirty ladies of the highest rank.

"On Sunday, 26th, Mgr. Chigi celebrated mass in the metropolitan church, where he was received on the threshold by the archbishop and the clergy, and where he distributed holy communion to a multitude of the faithful. At the moment of imparting his benediction one of the canons, in the name of the flock, addressed him in Latin, to express their sentiments of fidelity, veneration, and filial love for the Sovereign Pontiff, and to beg Mgr. Chigi to convey them to His Holiness."

**PRUSSIA.**—The government of Prussia professes to allow equal rights and privileges to Catholics. The following, however, will show how far this profession is carried out in practice:

"The provincial states of the Lower Rhine, in which Catholics are largely in the majority, recently presented three requests by petition to the government—first, that the Steinfeld House of Correction should be committed to the Brothers of the Christian Schools, and that the Protestant children should be directed by the Hamburg Brothers. The reply was as follows: 'As to the \$20,000 for a House of Correction for Protestant children in the ancient Monastery of St. Martin, at Boppard, we give our royal consent. As to our faithful states, who demand to entrust the children of the Catholic House of Correction, in the ancient Abbey of Steinfeld, to the Brothers of the Christian Schools,

we cannot consent to this, as the order depends on foreign superiors.' Second, that the insane women in the hospital at Siegburgh, near Bonn, should be entrusted to Sisters of Charity. The government replied: 'The desire expressed by our faithful states to entrust the insane patients in the Siegburgh establishment to Sisters of Charity, and in favor of which were alleged the economical advantages which would result from this combination, have been examined. This reason has proved unfounded. We cannot, therefore, grant this request.' Thirdly, the states demand the admission of the Sisters into the Mendicity Institution at Treves. The reply was: 'To the demand of our faithful states, that the care of the poor and sick, as well as the economical arrangements of the Mendicity Depot at Treves, should be confided to the Sisters of St. Charles, and the care of the poor Protestants to Deaconesses, we grant this demand in this sense, that Catholics shall be confided to the Sisters, and Protestants to the Deaconesses; and measures have been already taken to effect the separation of the two concessions, which has thus become necessary.'"

**HANOVER.**—The province of Osnabruck in this kingdom, is about to be erected into a new bishoprick. It is one of the most important provinces of the whole kingdom. It numbers no less than 150,000 Catholics among its population, a very large proportion of the whole bulk of its inhabitants. These Catholics have long demanded the creation of a bishopric. The old king obstinately refused to grant it. The present government has, however, yielded to the solicitations of nearly the entire population, and have entered into negotiations with the Holy See for the definitive appointment of a bishop of Osnabruck. The late Duke of York, a Protestant, bore as one of his titles, "Bishop of Osnabruck," no doubt the same place.

**BELGIUM.**—The Belgian legislature was opened on the 11th of November by a speech from the king. Late advices state that the Very Rev. Canon Scheppers, of Malines, founder of "L'Institut dea Fieres de la Misericorde et de L'Institut des Sœurs de la Misericorde," has just been appointed by our Holy Father Pope Pius IX, private Chamberlain to his Holiness. The Very Rev. Canon Kinet, of Namur, has also been appointed to the dignity of private Chamberlain to his Holiness. The Canon Kinet is the founder of the Congregation of the Sisters of Providence, who serve in the prisons and educate poor children, and have eighty schools under their care. They also devote themselves to the service of the female penitentiary of Namur, and further they devote their services to the care of old people.

**JERUSALEM.**—On the 8th of September, the festival of the nativity of our Blessed Lady, the Franciscan Fathers of that city received at their Convent a magnificent bell, which was inaugurated with much solemnity. The bell was a gift from the King of Naples. At the same moment that the bell of the Franciscan Convent sounded in the air, a similar sound called the faithful of Bethlehem around the Grotto of the birth place of our Divine Saviour. In the meantime, a string of camels loaded with heavy cases enclosing a magnificent marble altar, were wending their way into the interior of the Holy City by the way which leads to the place of the scourging of our Lord. These precious gifts from the munificence of King Ferdinand had just arrived in the Holy Land, under the care of the Franciscan Brother Seraphin de Rocascalegne.

**AUSTRALIA.**—It is gratifying to learn that Catholicity is daily increasing, and acquiring a firm footing in this far distant land. An Australian paper contains the following interesting account of the laying the foundation stone of a new church at Campbelltown. "Campbelltown was enlivened on Wednesday, the 25th of June, by a considerable influx of visitors on the occasion of laying the foundation stone of the new Roman Catholic Church, dedicated in honor of Almighty God, under the patronage of St. Michael the Archangel. The interesting ceremony was performed by the Right Rev. the Catholic bishop, assisted by clergymen from various parts of the island. An eloquent and impressive address was delivered by the bishop, describing the fact of Jacob, after his dream, setting up a stone and pouring oil thereon, as a 'title' or mark of its being erected to the Almighty. Towards the close of the ceremony the bishop exhorted all who felt disposed to aid in the erection of this church to come forth, and, in God's

name, place their offerings upon that stone, and that parents should permit their children to put something upon it with their own little hands,' 1264 17s 6d was immediately laid on the stone, and other contributions were received. The church is to be built in the early English style of architecture, from a design by Mr. Henry Hunter, Hobart Town, of ironstone, with Ross stone quoins and dressings."

#### DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

1. **ARCHDIOCESE OF BALTIMORE.**—*Religious Reception.*—At the Visitation Convent in this city, on the 25th of November, Miss Mary Thalhiemer received the holy habit of religion, and assumed the name of Sister Mary Josephine. The Rev. Father Ward, of Loyola College, performed the ceremony and preached on the occasion.

2. **DIOCESE OF RICHMOND.**—The Catholics of Norfolk have sustained a severe loss in the destruction of St. Patrick's church by fire. The fire is supposed to have been the result of accident. The loss is estimated at about \$20,000, but the church was insured for \$12,000. Through the strenuous exertions of the fire companies and the citizens generally, a large portion of the furniture of the church was saved. The Organ was destroyed, but was insured for \$1500. The esteemed pastor, the Rev. Father O'Keef, will have the sympathy not only of Catholics, but of the generous and liberal minded of every class of our citizens, in the serious loss which has befallen himself and his congregation.

3. **DIOCESE OF PHILADELPHIA.**—The vast increase of Catholicity in this diocese is a subject worthy of remark. "Within the last five years," says the *Catholic Herald*, "the Rt. Rev. Bishop has solemnly blessed and dedicated over fifty new churches within this diocese. Such is the anxiety of Catholic settlers for churches in the neighborhood of their residence that wherever from twenty to twenty-five Catholic families are settled near each other in the interior, their first desire is to commence the erection of one. In some cases a little gentle interference even has been necessary to postpone the beginning until a better prospect of bringing the design to a happy conclusion may be expected from an increase in the number of settlers." New churches are shortly to be dedicated at Berlinsville, Tremont, Sykanstown, Hazetton, Janesville and at Bethlehem, and two others are soon to be erected, one at Snoeshoe, and the other at McVeytown. On the 23d of November a new church of St. Mary's of Mount Carmel, at Doylestown, was dedicated by the zealous bishop of the diocese.

*Religious Reception.*—The solemn ceremony of conferring the habit of religion took place in the house of the sisters of St. Joseph, McSherrystown, Pa., on the 13th of November, the feast of St. Stanislaus Kostka. The following are the names of the young ladies who were consecrated to the service of God:—Miss J. Dynan (Sister Mary Ursula), Miss E. Patton (Sister Mary Delphina), Miss A. Crowley (Sister Mary Hermann), Miss C. Morris (Sister Mary Frances), Miss M. McLaughlin (Sister Mary Paul), Miss E. Quinlan (Sister Mary Chrysostom), Miss M. Leonard (Sister Mary Elizabeth)—Rev. Father Enders, S.J., of Connewago chapel, presided, assisted by Rev. Fathers Dougherty, Creighton and Reiter; and more recently Miss Margaret McGrath was received into the order of the Good Shepherd in Philadelphia, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Neumann, and took the name in religion of Sister Mary Theresa.

*Confirmation.*—The Rt. Rev. Bishop Neumann conferred the Sacrament of Confirmation on seventy-one persons in St. Patrick's church, Pottsville, on the 30th November; and at the church of the Immaculate Conception, Mauch Chunk, ninety-one persons were confirmed by the same Right Rev. Prelate, on the 3d of December.

4. **ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW YORK.**—The great fair conducted by the ladies of the different Catholic churches in the city of New York for the benefit of St. Vincent's Hospital, is an event, whether we consider the result or the magnitude of the scale on which



it was conducted, worthy of being perpetuated in the history of this diocese. After the payment of all expenses, the ladies in charge of it announce that the net proceeds of the fair amount to *thirty-four thousand dollars*.—The Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes has gone to Charleston, and perhaps further south, for the benefit of his health. His absence will not be of long duration.

5. **DIOCESE OF BOSTON.**—It was recently announced that the Hadley Falls Company generously gave a lot of ground at Holyoke, Mass., for the site of a Catholic church. Since then the church has been erected, and on the 16th inst. was blessed by the venerable Father McElroy. The Catholics of Holyoke, assisted by their Protestant brethren, deserve much credit for their zeal in contributing to the erection of this beautiful structure. The church is under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Father O'Callaghan.—A committee, appointed by the Catholics of Springfield, waited on the Rev. Father Blinkensop on Sunday, November 16th, and presented to him a chalice, ciborium and cruets, all of solid silver, thickly gilded, and beautifully worked. They were enclosed in a splendid box, with the following inscription engraved on the cover: "Presented by the Catholics of Springfield to the Rev. William N. Blinkensop, Chicopee, Mass., November, A. D. 1856." The gifts were accompanied by an appropriate address.

6. **DIOCESE OF PITTSBURG.**—We learn with sincere regret that the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Connor has been obliged by ill health to make a voyage to Europe; he sailed for Liverpool in the Persia. May the prayers of all good Catholics be offered for his speedy recovery and for his safe return.—A mission was lately given by the Passionist Fathers at St. Peter's church, in Alleghany, and attended by the happiest results.—At a meeting of the Catholic Young Men's Society of Pittsburg, held on the 24th of November, the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing six months: President, John J. Mitchel; Vice-President, Dr. George Keyser; Secretary, Charles McDewitt; Treasurer, Dr. L. Oldshue; Executive Committee, Michael McCann, James B. Dodge, Martin Donohue, John Kelly, jr., Patrick A. Sherry.

7. **DIOCESE OF LOUISVILLE.**—On the 9th of November the Right Rev. Bishop of Louisville visited St. Mary's church, Marion county, and administered the sacrament of confirmation to one hundred and three persons; and on the following day confirmed forty-eight at the chapel of St. Francis de Sales, in Taylor county. On the 13th, the same Right Rev. Prelate confirmed forty-five persons at St. Bernard's, on Casey's Creek. This is one of the oldest congregations in the diocese, having been established nearly half a century ago.

On the 15th of November the bishop confirmed twenty-one persons at St. Mary's College, ninety-seven at the church of St. Charles, and sixty-one at the church of St. Francis Xavier, in Raywick county.

8. **ARCHDIOCESE OF CINCINNATI.**—*Ordination.*—Francis Fallot, of the diocese of New Orleans, and Mr. Peter Habertier, of the community P.R.S. in this diocese, received tonsure and minor orders, in the Cathedral, on the 27th November. On the 28th Mr. Habertier was ordained subdeacon; on the 29th, deacon; and on the following Sunday, priest, by the Most Rev. Archbishop.

*Catholic Telegraph.*

9. **DIOCESE OF VINCENNES.**—A most interesting and touching ceremony, the blessing a set of chime bells, took place on the 12th of Nov'r, at Notre Dame, St. Joseph's county, Indiana. The ceremony was performed by the Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati, assisted by the Right Rev. Bishop Henni, the Rev. Mr. Wood, of Cincinnati, and several other clergymen. The following particulars, from a correspondent of the *St. Louis Leader*, will be read with interest:

"At 10 o'clock the Most Rev. Archbishop sung High Mass, and then after an eloquent sermon proceeded to the solemn blessing of the bells, twenty-three in number, which had been placed in a temporary tower erected for the purpose in front of the church. Around this tower a platform had been constructed with suitable seats for the sponsors or their proxies.



"The bells were blessed respectively under the patronage of the following Saints, the persons whose names are annexed acting as sponsors in *propria persona* or by proxy.

## Names of the Bells.

## Names of the Sponsors.

<i>Mary of the Annunciation</i> ....	The Emperor and Empress of France.
<i>Mary of the Visitation</i> .....	Col. Diversey, of Chicago; Mrs. Reynolds, of Madison.
<i>Mary of the Seven Dolors</i> ....	Mr. P. B. Ewing, Mrs. Thos. Ewing, Lancaster, Ohio.
<i>Mary of the Im. Conception</i> ...	Mr. Hu. Ewing, St. Louis; Mrs. Phelan, Lancaster, Ohio.
<i>Mary of the Resurrection</i> ....	Mr. Metzger, So. Bend, Ind.; Mr. Fitzpatrick, Lockport.
<i>Mary of the Assumption</i> .....	Capt. Gleeson, Miss Poncelenc, Chicago.
<i>Mary of the Presentation</i> ....	Mr. Dillon, Joliet; Mrs. McNallis, Morris.
<i>Mary of the Nativity</i> .....	Mr. B. M. Thomas, Mrs. Devlin, Chicago.
<i>Mary of the Holy Angels</i> ....	Dr. Bigelow, Lancaster; Mrs. Sherman, San Francisco.
<i>St. Peter</i> .....	Mr. Forrester, La Porte; Mrs. Slevin, Cincinnati.
<i>St. Paul</i> .....	Mr. Keegan, Joliet; Mrs. Drake, Indianapolis.
<i>St. John</i> .....	Mr. Lynch, Chicago; Mrs. Murray, Beloit, Wisconsin.
<i>St. Louis</i> .....	Mr. Bouvier, Philad'a, Pa.; Mrs. Harney, Milwaukee.
<i>St. Basil</i> .....	Mr. G. Edwards, Philadelphia, Pa.
<i>St. Edward</i> .....	Mr. James Slevin, Philad'a, Pa.; Mrs. Bracken, Chicago.
<i>St. Cecilia</i> .....	Mr. Coleric, Fort Wayne; Mrs. Taylor, South Bend.
<i>St. Teresa</i> .....	Mr. McElroy, Mrs. Carlin, Chicago.
<i>St. Elizabeth</i> .....	Mr. R. Elliott, Detroit; Mrs. O'Neil, Chicago.
<i>St. Agnes</i> .....	Mr. Riopelle, Detroit; Mrs. Collier, South Bend.
<i>St. Rose</i> .....	Mr. Chas. McDonald, Chicago; Mrs. McFaul, St. Louis.
<i>St. Philomena</i> .....	Mr. A. Chapiton, Detroit; Mrs. Dougherty, Chicago.
<i>St. Patrick</i> .....	Mr. P. Irwin, New Orleans; Mrs. M. Bonfield, Chicago.
<i>St. Joseph</i> .....	Mr. J. R. Chandler, Phil'a, Pa.; Mrs. Redman, St. Mary's.

"The names of the bells and the names of the sponsors were inscribed on the rim of each bell. An interesting little deaf mute, from Baltimore, Md. (one of the pupils from the deaf and dumb class opened at St. Mary's by the Sisters of the Holy Cross), acted as proxy for the Empress of France, eloquently recalling, by her bright face, the debt of gratitude which the deaf and dumb of all nations owe to Catholic France, for the zealous labors of her sons the Abbés de l'Epee and Sicard.

"These bells, as a work of art, are perfect. They were moulded in the city of Mans, France. Although they are as yet only placed in a temporary position, yet their silvery sound and perfect harmony mark the hours of the day with the most exquisite music, causing the heart involuntarily to thank God for the beautiful expression of faith contained in the blessing and anointing of those silver-toned heralds of the joys and sorrows of earth, tempered by the consolations and hopes of heaven, giving, as it were, a spiritual existence to the dull heavy metal that long lay imbedded in the soil, and placing it between heaven and earth to sound the birth and death, the Te Deum, the Miserere, and the De profundis, of many a generation."

**OBITUARY.**—Died, on the 23d of November, at Astoria, Queen's county, N. Y., the Rev. MICHAEL CURRAN, after an illness of a few days. The venerable deceased was a native of Errigal Truagh, county Monaghan, Ireland, and for many years one of the most active and zealous priests of the American Church.

Died, also, on the 23d of November, at the residence of his brother-in-law, Dr. Jos. Smith, near Clearspring, Washington county, Md., the Rev. THOMAS McCLEARY, in the 28th year of his age.

Died, on the 13th of December, at the Redemptorist Convent, New York city, the Rev. GABRIEL RUMPLER, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer.

Died, at Providence, R. I., Sister MARY GURTRUCE, of the Order of Mercy, daughter of Dr. Hugh Bradley, of Rochester, N. Y.

Died, on the 18th of Nov'r, at Hartford, Conn., Mother, MARY CAMILLUS XAVIER, (Miss Elizabeth O'Neill). The deceased was among the first who established a branch of the Order of Mercy in Providence. *May they rest in peace.*

## SECULAR AFFAIRS.

The Congress of the United States met at the national capitol on the first Monday in December, and on the second of the month, the fourth and last annual message of President Pierce was read in the Senate. The document is firm and statesman-like in its tone, and contains a vast fund of useful information. After congratulating Congress on the prosperous condition of the country, the President refers to the late election, expresses his satisfaction at the result, and administers a severe rebuke to the leaders of the republican party, and charges that while they pretend only to prevent the spread of slavery into the unorganized sections of the country, really aimed at changing the domestic institutions of existing States. For this purpose, they had assumed the odious task of depreciating the government organizations which stand in their way, and of calumniating with indiscriminate invective, not only the citizens of particular States, but all others who do not participate with them in their assaults on the institution of slavery.

"I confidently believe," he says, "that the great body of those who inconsiderately took this fatal step, are sincerely attached to the constitution and the Union. They would, upon deliberation, shrink with unaffected horror from any conscious act of disunion or civil war. But they have entered into a path which leads nowhere, unless it be to civil war and disunion, and which has no other possible outlet."

After speaking of the affairs of Kansas, he proceeds to make the financial statement. The public debt has been reduced from \$69,127,937 to \$30,737,127; forty-five millions of dollars and over having been paid off. The revenue from customs has exceeded \$64,000,000; on the strength of which, and in view of the probability that forty-eight millions will cover the annual expenditure for the next four years, the President reiterates his recommendation that the tariff be remodelled and the duties reduced. The receipts from public lands have been \$8,821,414, on sales of 9,227,878 acres. The deficiency in the Post Office is \$2,787,046, being a larger deficiency than last year by three quarters of a million.

With respect to our foreign policy, the President announces that we enjoy amicable relations with all foreign powers. Mr. Dallas has concluded a treaty settling the Central American question; and all the other points in dispute with Great Britain will soon be settled. No allusion is made in the message to the non-appointment of a British Minister. The Danish Sound dues question will soon be settled in an amicable manner. At present Denmark has requested the United States not to press an adjustment of the question, until the arrangement proposed to the European powers be completed; a request which has been acceded to; Russia has agreed to Mr. Marcy's proposition in reference to maritime warfare; the Emperor of France has expressed his general approval of it; and the Congress of Paris may possibly lead to its general adoption. At the former Paris conference the principle submitted by this government two years ago, that "Privateering is and remains abolished," was admitted, and the President has expressed his readiness to assent to that admission, provided the following amendment be added thereto: "And that the private property of subjects and citizens of a belligerent on the high seas shall be exempt from seizure by the public armed vessels of the other belligerent except it be contraband."

He reviews at length the condition of affairs in Nicaragua and New Granada, and our relations with these two governments, and concludes by reminding us that "We have at length reached that stage of the national career, in which the dangers to be encountered, and the exertions to be made, are, the incidents, not of weakness but of strength. In our foreign relations we have to temper our power to the less happy condition of other republics in America, and to place ourselves in the calmness and conscious dignity of right by the side of the greatest and wealthiest of the empires of Europe. In our domestic relations we have to guard against the shock of the discontents, the ambitions the interests, and the exuberant, and therefore, sometimes irregular impulses of opinion or of action, which are the natural product of the present political elevation, the self-reliance and the restless spirit of enterprise of the people of the United States."

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